

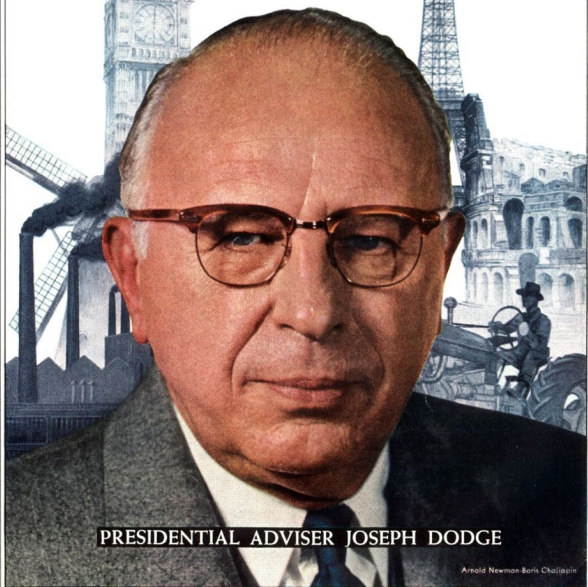
TWENTY CENTS

JANUARY 24, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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VOL. LXV NO. 4

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B.F. Goodrich



How trucker gets 140,000 miles from all-nylon Traction Express tires

AFTER 140,000 miles of drive wheel service, G. W. (Buck) Conner, Superintendent of Transportation for Wesson Oil and Snowdrift Sales Com-

pany, has B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires moved to trailer wheels. There the tires roll another 30-40,000 miles before recapping, carrying vegetable oil shortening to a large part of the Southwest.

Two, three, sometimes four recaps run up a mileage record for this Houston, Texas manufacturer that's impressive even for Traction Express tires. But other users report similar service, call the Traction Express the 100,000-mile tire.

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Nylon is stronger than ordinary cord materials, can withstand double the impact and resist heat blowouts and flex breaks. That's why B. F. Goodrich builds the Traction Express with an all-nylon cord body. The Traction Express outwears even its extra-thick tread—up to 46% thicker than that of a regular tire—and can still be recapped over and over!

The Traction Express tire is molded with the beads close together. When mounted, air pressure spreads the beads to full rim width. The sidewalls act as levers, compressing the tread. A compressed tread resists abrasion, adds mileage.

See the all-nylon Traction Express (rayon construction at lower prices) at your B. F. Goodrich retailer's today. His address is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write The B. F. Goodrich Co., Tire & Equipment Division, Akron 18, Ohio.

Specify B. F. Goodrich tires when ordering new trucks



53 UNITS carry Wesson Oil products throughout the Southwest. Nylon shock shield under the Traction Express tread protects against road shock, gives more original mileage and more recappable tires.

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LETTERS

The General's Jump

Sir:

Your excellent article on the continental Air Defense Command [Dec. 20] served to highlight many of the problems we have to wrestle with in this air defense business. . . I would, however, like to correct an impression that may possibly have been created by one paragraph wherein you describe the parachute jump from a burning plane, piloted by me, which caught fire while returning from a gunnery mission. This might be construed to imply that panic or extreme slowness of action on the part of the sergeant observer in clearing the plane was the primary cause of my injury; such was not the case. The fire, caused by a severed fuel line, started when we were at an altitude of approximately 7,500 feet. It was necessary to hold the plane in a violent sideslip attitude to keep the flames from enveloping the cockpit; this naturally caused us to lose altitude at a faster than normal rate. Lacking intercom in those days, I signaled the sergeant to bail out; the only delay on his part was difficulty in getting out of his safety harness and clearing the plane in a steep sideslip attitude. The sergeant, as eager as I was to get out of the plane, left it about 750 feet, and I did not get clear of the plane until about 400 feet from the ground. Believe me, neither of us was hesitant about wanting to jump to a cooler spot on this occasion.

(GENERAL) B. W. CHIDLAW
Commander, Air Defense Command
Ent Air Force Base
Colorado Springs

Security & Wolf Ladejnsky

Sir:

I would like to compare two stories that appeared in your Jan. 3 issue. One, the account of Wolf Ladejnsky, the U.S. agricultural attaché, fired as a security risk for the flimsiest of reasons. He was publicly condemned by the Agriculture Department in spite of having been previously cleared by the State Department. The other story was that of Irmgard Schmidt, the German girl who obtained secrets for the Russians by using her charms on U.S. Air Force intelligence officers. These intelligence officers are certainly security risks since they obviously are easy prey for a shapely girl. Who are they? Have they been reprimanded?

Apparently not. They have been allowed to hide behind the skirts of the Air Force. Contrast this set of facts with those concerning Mr. Ladejnsky. . .

MRS. JOHN CHIARIELLO

Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Cheers for your intelligent presentation of the Wolf Ladejnsky story. No good citizen would deny the need for searching and ironclad security arrangements. However, if the facts in this case are as they seem to be, this Ladejnsky firing is just one more example of how we are losing our security in the name of security. . . Unless all the pundits I have read so far were dead wrong, Ladejnsky—and MacArthur—in the land reform program in Japan were on the right track. Now, wasn't this dismissal of the mastermind of the program a colossal mistake?

PALMER VAN GUNDY

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir:

The firing of Wolf Ladejnsky reminds one of the slaying of John the Baptist to please the whims of a dancing girl. Surely the real reason for this firing is in the phrase "he has never been close to American farming problems and operations." Unlike the head of John the Baptist, Ladejnsky can be replaced. To cater to the whims of a few who feel an agricultural economist must farm with his hands is stupid. To say Ladejnsky is a security risk is to ignore what he has done.

PHILIP S. JAYNES JR.

Highland, Ind.

Man of the Year (Contd)

Sir:

As each day of 1954 slipped by, I could not help but appreciate more and more the ability of Time's Man of the Year, Mr. Dulles. I was not only amazed by his international adroitness, but at his physical stamina, mental alertness, patience and charm. This man truly is deserving of the distinction you have given him. . .

JOHN B. REYNOLDS

Stamford, Conn.

Sir:

. . . Your choice should have been Eisenhower, [who] labored hard for America that

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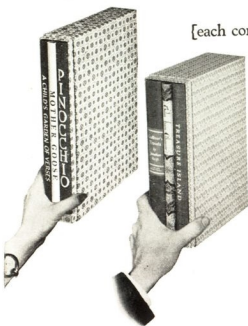
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it have its cake and eat it too . . . Dulles is only a earnest fellow on horseback galloping madly off in all directions.

CHAS. OVERILL

Yuma, Ariz.

Sir:

Since when does a man deserve your title for just carrying out his duty, which is part of his job? . . . What else is Mr. Dulles' policy but a return to good old Dean Acheson's not very spectacular but realistic "containment policy"? . . .

CLAUDE E. SPINGARN

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Congratulations on your selection . . . Dulles and Cordell Hull are the two outstanding Secretaries of State in our generation.

A. P. HAMRICK

Festus, Mo.

How to Harry a Millionaire

SIR:

I AM RATHER ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT YOUR THEME THAT THE ENTREPRENEUR IS NEITHER OBSOLETE NOR UNREWARDED AND SURPRISED TO BE INCLUDED IN THE DISTINGUISHED GROUP IN YOUR "NEW MILLIONAIRES" ARTICLE [DEC. 27], BUT AM DESPERATELY ANXIOUS YOUR READERS KNOW THAT I NEITHER APPRAISE THE FAMILY PURSE NOR MAKE PUBLIC PRONOUNCEMENT AS TO ITS DIMENSIONS [TIME'S appraisal: \$50 million]. MY FRIENDS SHUN ME AND MY ENGLISH PROFESSOR TURNS OVER IN HIS GRAVE AT THE SIGHT OF THAT AWFUL QUOTE "I'VE GOT SO MANY BUCKS TO PROVE IT."

HOWARD AHMANSON

LOS ANGELES

Stranger in the House

Sir:

Re "Test-Tube Case" [Dec. 27]: the noticeable absence of morality contained in Dr. Kinsey's comedies on sexual behavior were their main weakness. So it is with those who condone test-tube babies and are shocked when told they are doing something immoral. Northwestern University's Dr. Irving Stein talks arrant nonsense when he implies that artificial insemination is moral merely because people are asking to have babies in that manner . . . The whole idea of a Christian marriage is destroyed when a wife attempts conception by "relations" with a man other than her husband, whether it be in actual physical union or by artificial insemination . . .

(A/1ST C) GLENN RUGGLES
U.S.A.F.

Kirtland, N. Mex.

Sir:

A sincere minority (25%) of the American Society for the Study of Sterility do not approve donor insemination. Few share my Catholic faith. Yet as scientists we agree that to spouses alone is reserved the right of human procreation. Sad indeed is the plight of these strangers in their fathers' houses . . . The tragic obsessive maternal instinct of the childless wife does not justify a random sireless son. Should this wanderer on the wasteland of time choose to end his artificially initiated life, who but the physician is responsible for planting the psychological time bomb of lack of lineage?

JOSEPH BERNARD DOYLE, M.D.

Boston

Angels, Twerps & Monsters

Sir:

Re "The Trouble with Angels" [TIME, Dec. 27]: A wholesome trend seems indicated by Father Kilian McDonnell's protest against the "treacly travesties" of angels. I too was brought up on these androgynous twerps,



Giant trees were uprooted and broken like matchsticks by winds of more than 100 miles an hour.



Many automobiles were almost submerged by floods.



"Thanks," says local installer to out-of-town helper.



Out-of-town convoy heads for the hurricane area.

Telephone Men and Supplies Were on the Way Before the Winds Died Down

Carol, Edna and Hazel, as you may remember, were no ladies. They came raging in from the sea, to leave New England and eight eastern states reeling from the wrath of wind and flood.

It was, as always, a challenge to the telephone companies. Local employees responded instantly. Companies in other states were quick to send help.

"The hurricane had not blown itself out," said one newspaper editorial, "before aid was on its way. Expert repair crews with their familiar green trucks hurried into the stricken communities with the dispatch of reserve army divisions rushing to stem an enemy break-through in a vital battle line."

Along with the will and the skill of telephone people to handle emergencies came the millions of miles of wire and the thousands of tons of equipment that were needed for the job. These were provided by Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit.

One of the heart-warming things to us was the friendly understanding of the people in the storm-ridden communities.

To them go the thanks of all the telephone men and women who took part in the work of restoration.

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and I never liked them either. Great artists of the past may have done right by the angels sometimes, but many have contributed to this error. It seems to me that many of the old masters are notorious for portraying people who don't have their minds on their work . . . Albrecht Dürer gives us angels like the one who wrestled with Jacob; his are not only beautiful and terrible but anatomically accurate and aerodynamically sound . . . It is indeed a pity that some of Dürer's angels . . . can't be set to guardian angel duty, as none of them, should the occasion arise, would hesitate to fetch a smart smack to a refractory moppet's posterior, and juvenile delinquency would soon disappear.

LORETTA KNIGHT

Detroit

Sir:

My article in *The Sign* did not say that "great artists of the past" represented angels as unmistakably masculine and sometimes even a little muscular, but that strong, masculine "representations of angels are to be found on the walls of early Christian churches" . . . Most of the masters are among the principal offenders . . . A notable exception is Michelangelo's trumpeting angels in his *Last Judgment* [see cut]. But not only were the masters persistently guilty of portraying angels in the feminine, but, what is worse, as babies, e.g., both Titian's and Murillo's *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*, and Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*. Pictorially baby angels might be cute, but theologically they are monstrosities.



(THE REV.) KILIAN McDONNELL,
O.S.B.
Holy Rosary Church,
Detroit Lakes, Minn.

Feet of Klee

Sir:

. . . If a child of mine ever created anything as abysmally inane as the *Mask of Fear*, I would hand said child over to the authorities handling delinquents . . .

JOHN A. MORGAN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Hypothesis in Spain

Sir:

In reference to your report [on the banning of the New York Times from Spain—*Time*, Jan. 31]: How can a responsible newspaperman discuss in his articles laws which do not exist, agreements which have not been signed and, in presenting news regarding the internal policy of a friendly country, deliberately distort the facts? Such has been the case in recent weeks in reporting on Spanish matters, ranging from the hypothetical press law to questions arising from eventual marriages of American G.I.s assigned to Spanish bases.

Is it not a curious coincidence that each time there is a failure in Western European unity and Spain's strategic value against the Red menace reveals itself as more and more important, there should be a press campaign tending to present an unpleasant picture of my country? . . .

JOSÉ M. DE AREILZA
Ambassador of Spain

Washington, D.C.

¶ When the Spanish government forbids journalistic discussion of its acts and proposals, it draws its own unpleasant picture.—Ed.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time Reader: Last July President Eisenhower's International Development Advisory Board made a recommendation. It suggested that representatives of private business, industry and finance from both the U.S. and Latin America get together in a privately sponsored conference to discuss the mutual advantages of increasing the amount of private U.S. investment capital in Latin America.

The President promptly sent his personal endorsement of the plan to the board's chairman, Eric Johnston. Even before this, the City of New Orleans had become interested in the board's idea. Rudolf S. Hecht, on behalf of International House, and a group of the city's private business organizations undertook the job of sponsoring just such a conference.

Later I was approached by Mr. Hecht with the proposal that TIME act as co-sponsor of the conference. I was pleased to accept the invitation. We have long had an interest in Latin American affairs; the Latin American edition of TIME, started in 1941, was the first of our four international editions. Immediately, Edgar R. Baker, managing director of the international editions, set to work with Mr. Hecht organizing the meeting. It was decided to call the meeting the Inter-American Investment Conference and schedule it for four days in New Orleans early in March.

Announcement of the plan evoked immediate and widespread interest from leading businessmen in the U.S. and Latin America. Some 50 business organizations got to work on the project in Latin America. In the U.S., such organizations as the Investment Bankers Association of America, the National Association of Manufacturers,

the Chamber of Commerce of the U.S., the U.S. Inter-American Council and the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce came into the plan as cooperating groups. In addition, the Organization of American States gave its active support.

From the number of invitations already accepted, it is obvious that the idea has caught the imagination of the individual businessmen for whom the conference is designed. Every day we are getting mail from others who have heard about the meeting by word of mouth and want to be there too.

Although the New Orleans Conference was planned before last November's Rio economic conference, it is the logical sequel to the proposition advanced in Rio (TIME, Nov. 22 *et seq.*) that private enterprise can profitably do much on its own to stimulate inter-American investment.

The conference will, in effect, be a forum where Latin American businessmen can explain what kind of investments they want in their countries. They will come supplied with specific recommendations and specific proposals for private-capital investment. In turn, they will learn the conditions under which U.S. businessmen will be interested in investing.

We feel that this first Inter-American Investment Conference is a step in the right direction—a means of stimulating interest in the opportunities for private-capital investment in Latin American countries for the greater strength of all the Americas.

Cordially yours,

James A. Lison



TIME Map by V. Pugh



"DID THEY REALLY FIGHT FIRES WITH THESE?"

FIRE fighting equipment has been improved a lot. Education in methods of fire prevention is even more important in our progress.

In spite of advances made in fire prevention, it's still necessary to have adequate fire insurance protection.

It will pay you to know the current value of your property and possessions. Ask yourself this question: "Are my possessions protected up to at least 80% of current value?"

If you find you need more protection, Hardware Mutuals can write the additional insurance to make your program

adequate. There is no need to cancel your present insurance.

You save extra money, too! Hardware Mutuals are currently returning 30% out of each fire insurance premium dollar in dividend payments. Hardware Mutuals, with licensed representatives in every state, have a national reputation for fast, fair settlement of claims.

Ask the full-time Hardware Mutuals representative near your home, or write Hardware Mutuals, for complete details about the Annual Pay Plan for 5-year term insurance on dwelling and contents. He will furnish complete details.

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TIME, JANUARY 24, 1955

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THE PRESIDENCY

Burdens & Bosh

All week long the White House swarmed like an anthill prodded by a two-pronged hickory limb. Leaders of the House and Senate marched in for briefings, Republican politicians filed in for dinner, and more than 700 guests came to dance at the annual congressional reception. During the week, five special messages were packed off to Capitol Hill, while the last decimal points were checked on the sixth and biggest message—the budget (*see below*). One day Ovetta Culp Hobby clicked in with a bundle of charts and diagrams for the President's message on health, just as Economic Adviser Arthur Burns deposited a stack of data for the annual economic report. More than 175 reporters showed up at the presidential press conference, threw questions that ranged from the nature of Wolf Ladejinsky's past to the price of uranium in the future. At every opportunity, Democrats lobbied in test grenades for 1956. But the man in the White House seemed to be enjoying his job more than he ever had before.

Pleasures v. Duty. Particularly, Dwight Eisenhower at last seemed to be relishing the role of political leader. His stag dinner was the third within a month attended largely by G.O.P. politicians. At each one he has clearly indicated that he intends to assume firm leadership of the Republican Party, but he has skillfully refused to commit himself on 1956.

Last week as the black-tied diners talked of politics in the President's gleaming white study, Manhattan Lawyer Tom Dewey seemed to be presenting arguments on both sides of the case. Dewey dwelt at length on reasons why the President should seek re-election. His arguments were easily boiled down: the party, the country and the world need Ike. But when he turned to his other favorite topic, Citizen Dewey could not refrain from describing the pleasures of a man who chooses not to run again. Since he stepped out of the governor's office in Albany, he said, he has really been living: into the office at 10 a.m., out by 6, no midnight crisis that must be met before dawn, a winter weekend at his farm while the new governor was struggling with a legislative program.

Later at his press conference, a reporter asked Ike if he had told G.O.P. officials that he favored a later convention

and a shorter campaign in 1956. Why, yes, said Ike, if he remembered correctly, the national chairman had asked him about that. He had replied that the candidate (whoever that might be) surely would favor shortening the backbreaking job of campaigning. That brought a whole bevy of reporters to their feet clamoring for the next question. Was he aware that



POLITICAL LEADER EISENHOWER

New relish for a hot role.

this stand implied that he will be the candidate? Ike's answer: Bosh.

As the reporters well knew, bosh is neither no nor yes. They probed on. Wasn't it true that Tom Dewey had urged him to run again? Well, he had read in the paper that Dewey did a lot of urging. But Dewey had described the joys of private life in terms that certainly seemed to commend it to him.

Tactics v. Strategy. In recent pronouncements on military policy, President Eisenhower had referred to the need for mobile military forces; reporters asked him to explain in detail how these would operate. Ike refused, saying that there is no military situation that can be predicted in detail. His Administration's aim is to build up indigenous forces in friendly countries and help them in time of trouble by supplying mobile forces, e.g., air-lifted Marine units.

Did he anticipate that these units would use tactical atomic weapons? His answer: Nothing can be precluded when a nation resorts to force as the arbiter of human difficulty. Generally it gets in deeper and deeper, and there is no limit except the limitations imposed by force itself. But he could not conceive of an atomic weapon being used as a police weapon, and the local situations he was talking about would be police actions. Police are to protect and stop trouble, not just to cause destruction.

Did the President consider it possible to draw a distinction between strategic and tactical nuclear weapons? No, he did not. He did not even think a sharp line could be drawn between strategy and tactics. They merge. Every expert that has ever written on the subject has had his own definition of strategy and his own definition of tactics.

Although the press, the Congress and the world gave Dwight Eisenhower one of his busiest weeks since he moved into the White House, he nevertheless found time to play 18 holes of golf at chilly (35°) Burning Tree. He also found time to see the usual list of visiting students and folks from back home. Welcoming citrus men, he listened with a grin while an indignant Texan complained that the Texas grapefruit in a punchbowl the visitors presented to Ike had been buried beneath fruit from Florida, California and Arizona. Said Ike, who obviously realized that there is a limit to what a man can do in one week: "Well, I'm not gonna break out crying about Texas."

THE BUDGET

The Distended Pouch

British Chancellors of the Exchequer used to enter the House of Commons carrying their estimates in a pouch called a *bougette*. When the tradition of annual forecasts of total revenues and expenditures was established in England about 200 years ago, the Chancellor's report was called a budget. Ever since then, government finance officers have been trying (sometimes with success) to hold budgets in balance. The U.S. Government, a comparative newcomer to the process, did not adopt the budget system until 1921. Since then, it has been able to strike a balance less than one-third of the time.

When he was a candidate for President in 1932, Franklin Delano Roosevelt cried across the land that the federal budget



United Press

BUDGET DIRECTOR HUGHES & 1956 MODEL
At the end of 1,324 pages, a minus sign.

should be balanced. In his twelve years as President, he never managed to make ends meet. In 1952 Dwight Eisenhower proclaimed that a balanced budget would be one of the key aims of his Administration. This week, when he submitted his second budget to the Congress, the pouch was still painfully distended.

One Balance in Sight. But considerable progress had been made. In a 1,324-page document drafted by Budget Director Rowland Hughes, the Eisenhower Administration proposed total expenditures of \$62.4 billion during fiscal 1956 (beginning next July 1), \$1.1 billion less than estimated spending for this year, and \$11.9 billion below Harry Truman's final year. Against these expenditures the President, anticipating growing prosperity, foresaw Government income of \$60 billion, an increase of \$1 billion over this year. In between is an anticipated deficit of \$2.4 billion, approximately one-fourth of the deficit in Harry Truman's last budget. The Government's "cash" budget, which treats trust-fund income, e.g., Social Security funds, as current receipts, is actually expected to show a surplus of \$558 million at year's end.

Continuing to dominate the budget are expenditures for major national-security programs (defense, military aid, atomic energy, etc.). Estimated at \$40.5 billion for 1956, cold-war spending would account for 65% of all the Government's outgo. The biggest part of that outlay (\$34 billion) would go for defense, and would be spent to fit Dwight Eisenhower's concept of an efficient military force in a nuclear age: more air power, more fire power, less manpower. Said Old Soldier Eisenhower: "Never in our peacetime history have we been as well prepared to defend ourselves as we are now."

By services, the military budget would be divided:

☐ Air Force \$15.6 billion, an increase of

\$400 million over this year, looking toward 130 wings by July 1956 (three more than originally planned for that date).

☐ Navy \$9.7 billion, down \$75 million from this year. While about 100 non-combatant ships would be laid up, the budget looks forward to more Navy power on the water and in the air, including a fifth supercarrier and an eventual fleet of seven atomic-powered submarines.

☐ Army \$8.8 billion, down \$50 million. The President's statement that the Army will be organized into smaller, more powerful units, plus the Pentagon's deadpan announcement that Army unit strength "will be different at the end of the year," appears to promise a major reorganization.

Elsewhere, the budget shows other signs of the nuclear times. Funds openly earmarked for guided missiles are up substantially from this year. Spending for atomic energy, proposed at \$2 billion, will be slightly under this year, largely because the atomic program has come of age, and its heavy construction costs are diminishing. For foreign aid, expenditures would be \$4.7 billion, up \$400 million from this year, including help for rearming West Germany and covering whatever new aid program is devised for Asia.

Two Goals to Go. After the burdensome expenditures for the cold war are added up and the budget gets to "fixed charges," past wars take a heavy toll. Pointing out that more than two out of every five adult males in the U.S. are eligible for veterans' benefits (budget item for 1956: \$4.6 billion), the President announced that he is appointing a commission to study the whole problem. In other fields not directly tied to the hot wars of the past or the cold war of the present, the budget shows clear signs of the Eisenhower economy, e.g., expenditures for farm-price supports will be down because of the new farm program; development of natural resources will cost the U.S. less be-

cause of the policy of "partnership" with private enterprise and local governments.

When they had emptied their *bouquet* for fiscal '56, the President and his budget-makers decided reluctantly that they must renew their request for an increase in the national debt. Present ceiling for fiscal 1956: \$275 billion. Estimated debt at the end of fiscal 1956: \$276 billion.

If taxes had not been cut, President Eisenhower pointed out, the deficit- and debt-ceiling problems would have been solved. But he believed that it was "desirable to share the benefits" of reduced expenditures with the taxpayers. Said the President: "In view of the prospective deficit, we cannot afford to have any further loss of revenue this year . . . However, further tax reduction remains a firm goal . . . Our policy is directed to achieving both the savings in expenditures and the economic growth that will make such reductions possible. I hope that tax reductions will be so justified next year."

DEFENSE

U.M.T. in Sheep's Clothing

President Eisenhower last week asked Congress to extend the draft and to approve a reserve program that included a modified version of universal military training.

The message asked for a four-year extension of the regular draft, a two-year extension of the doctors' draft, an active reserve program with stiff penalties for absentees, active basic training for National Guardsmen and, most controversial of all, six months' basic training—at \$30 a month and without veterans' benefits—for teen-agers who would avoid the draft and accept a 9½-year obligation of service in the reserve.

Congress is expected to pass the draft extensions, but it may be hard to sell the House, always hostile to U.M.T. in the past, on the full reserve program. The Board of World Peace of the Methodist Church has already asked 9,000,000 Methodists to oppose "any system by whatever name" that resembles U.M.T. Congressmen can also be expected to ask the cost of teaching thousands of young men the mere fundamentals of military drill and life in view of a still heavy military budget (see above). Most biting comments are likely to come from those who find it hard to reconcile the Administration's increasing dependence on air-atomic weapons with a plan to train millions of World War II-style infantrymen.

THE ATOM

Ahead of the Competition

As the head of a top-secret Government agency, Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, is well aware of his often conflicting responsibilities for security and the people's right to know. At a National Press Club luncheon last week, Banker Strauss gave the people a remarkably candid "annual report to stockholders." It was encouraging.

On the debit side the AEC chairman listed:

¶ Russian thermonuclear experiments. "It is unintelligent to decry their scientific competence."

¶ Public criticism of the commission's security program and, in particular, the Oppenheimer case—although Strauss feels that the AEC has a "very fair procedure to deal with security."

¶ Misunderstanding about the Dixon-Yates contract—but "the contract itself should be listed among the assets."

In conclusion, Strauss made it clear that "none of these liabilities has adversely affected the work of the commission." Then, turning to the assets, he reported:

¶ The weapons program. "It is my honest belief that we are well ahead of any competition at this time."

¶ Relaxation of the Government atomic monopoly under the new law, which makes it possible to be "on our way back to the American patent system."

¶ "Spectacular progress in the use of radiation in the arts and sciences—in medicine, biology, agriculture, chemistry and metallurgy, to name but a few."

¶ The President's atoms-for-peace proposal and his plan for an International Scientific Conference, scheduled for this summer, on the peacetime uses of atomic energy—a project that finally interested the Russians last week.

Two days before Strauss's speech, the AEC announced its first major move to implement the Atomic Energy Act of 1954. The AEC called for specific proposals from private companies for atomic-power programs by April 1, and promised three types of AEC aid: 1) free nuclear fuel, 2) free AEC laboratory work, 3) payments for technical and economic data. The AEC also established a secret price list for selling, buying and leasing of atomic materials.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Return from Peking

Dag Hammarskjöld returned from Red China last week. As Secretary-General of the United Nations, he had flown to Peking to seek freedom for eleven American flyers and other U.N. soldiers captured while fighting in Korea. He brought back some hope for their release and some insight into the tortuous mind of their chief jailer, Red China's Premier Chou En-lai. In time, the gain may compensate for the loss to the U.N.'s prestige by his journey, which was heralded in Asia as a "great diplomatic victory for Red China." Hong Kong's anti-Communist newspaper *Sing Tao Man Pao* commented bitterly: "Hammarskjöld went as a *lung* [dragon] but came back as a *chung* [worm]."

A Time to Talk. Hammarskjöld, a polished, professional Swedish diplomat, conferred four times with Chou, the cold-chiseled Communist. In all, they talked for 13 hours and 35 minutes across a table in Peking's Hall of the Western Flowers. A Chinese Harvard man interpreted, a few advisers listened silently.



U.N.'s HAMMARSKJÖLD & AMBASSADOR LODGE
A temperature lower than optimism.

Associated Press

Thrice daily, blue-uniformed Chinese servants noiselessly served tea and cookies while the discussion continued. Only once, said Professor Ahmed Bokhari, who accompanied Hammarskjöld, was there "a slight relaxation for about five minutes. Otherwise, the conversations were intense, earnest and continuous."

Afterward, Communist Chou tendered a great banquet (on the menu: swallow's-nest soup, kidney, chicken, fish, shark's fins, crab, abalone, mushrooms, Peking duck, broccoli in oyster sauce). Toasts were drunk in Chinese wine. The Chinese showed a movie in color, a harrowing love story. Both sides issued a short statement: "We feel that these talks have been useful." Then Hammarskjöld flew back to New York via the Pacific, completing an around-the-world swing. On leaving, he sent Chou his "sincere personal thanks."

In New York Hammarskjöld, brick-red from a sunbath during his stop at Hawaii, conferred immediately with Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. representative to the U.N., who later announced: "I am confident that progress has been made and that our flyers will be free." Hammarskjöld himself, at a press conference the next day, rated his own hopes at "a temperature somewhat lower than that reflected in the word 'optimism.'"

A Time to Wait. Except in private reports to top United Nations delegates, Hammarskjöld told very little of his conversations with Chou. "I achieved what I had hoped to achieve," he said. "We remain in touch . . . The door has been opened and can be kept open." The door to what? To "an attitude, let us call it, of playing fair."

The U.N. General Assembly had directed Hammarskjöld only to seek release of the prisoners, but, he made plain, the discussions covered much more ground: such issues as the 35 Chinese students

held in the U.S., Chou's demand to enter the U.N., and many other "grudges, worries, concerns." "No deals of any kind" were suggested, he said, but "there is a very definite link between" the prisoners and the Red objectives.

At week's end, President Eisenhower, who does not intend to pay blackmail for American prisoners, called on the nation for patience. "We must have faith in the community of nations and in the tremendous influence of world opinion," the President proclaimed. "We must not fall into a Communist trap, and through impetuous words or deed endanger the lives of those imprisoned airmen . . . We must support the U.N. in its efforts so long as those efforts hold out any promise of success."

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

Target: The Issue

For more than two years, Democratic leaders have been agreed on the identity of the party's Political Enemy No. 1. It is Richard Nixon. Since Dwight Eisenhower's logical armor is hard to pierce, it has been logical Democratic strategy to shoot at the second man. In mid-campaign, 1952, Democratic strategists thought they had downed their man—and the G.O.P. too—with their shouts about the "Nixon fund," but Nixon skillfully turned the attack to his and his party's advantage. Since then, Democratic leaders have watched Nixon's every move, ready to kick when the word was passed. Last week a new Democratic attack on Nixon was in full kick.

"Open Season." The new anti-Nixon movement was set off during last fall's campaign by Adlai Stevenson, who accused the Vice President of perpetrating "McCarthyism in a white collar." A week after the election, Steve Mitchell, then Democratic National Chairman, called

upon Nixon to "retract and apologize for his campaign excesses." When Congress convened, House Speaker Sam Rayburn took up the cudgel, growled that Democrats "are not going to say that just because we do not like somebody politically he is soft on Communism." At a Democratic luncheon in Washington last week, Delaware's Freshman Representative Harris B. McDowell cried: "It's open season on the Vice President."

After that, Republican leaders decided that the attacks had become serious enough to return the fire. At his press conference, Dwight Eisenhower moved into the battle. When a reporter asked how he felt about the criticism of Nixon, Ike bridled slightly and asked a question of his own: Was the reporter's query based on what Nixon actually said or on what the critics said he said? The re-

One Democratic exhibit blandly repeated an error that had been discovered and corrected last September. In a speech at Huron, S. Dak., Nixon had said that the Republican Administration was "kicking the Communists and fellow travelers and security risks out of the Government . . . by the thousands." An Associated Press dispatch misquoted Nixon, leaving out the phrase "fellow travelers and security risks." Although a tape recording proved what Nixon had said, the Democratic strategists are still using the erroneous dispatch.

Closed Cases. Throughout the campaign, Nixon hit the Democrats hard on the Communist issue. But he never adopted Joe McCarthy's line that the Democratic Party is the party of treason. Carefully pointing out that he was not charging disloyalty or treason, he made the

WORLD TRADE

Man with a Puzzle

(See Cover)

"Do you know the story of the centipede with gout?" asked Joe Dodge. "Well, this poor centipede limped painfully for miles to consult the philosopher of the jungle, the monkey. After taking thought, the philosopher gave his solution: 'If you became a mouse and had only four legs, you would be 25 times better off.' The centipede said: 'That's a good idea. How do I get to be a mouse?' The monkey shook his head, 'I can't tell you that,' he said. 'I only make policy.'"

Joseph Morrell Dodge, no philosopher—but a hardheaded Detroit banker—knows that President Eisenhower did not bring him back to Washington five weeks ago just to "make policy." As coordinator of the foreign economic activities of the U.S., Dodge is supposed to bring about a result almost as difficult and far more inspiring than turning a centipede into a mouse. His objective: to bind together the hundreds of scattered and often contradictory foreign economic activities of the U.S. into an intelligible whole that will make reality of the U.S. economic leadership in the free world.

The Export of Principles. The decade of handouts—UNRRA, ECA, FOA—is ending, not because Uncle Sam has reverted to Uncle Shlyock but because handouts are no longer pertinent to the world's need. The need now is for installing around the world the mainsprings—not merely the products—of U.S. prosperity. These mainsprings are mostly principles: reasonably stable money, reasonably free play of the price mechanism, unrestricted movement of money, goods and labor within a competitive market large enough to support and encourage mass production. If other countries absorbed these principles, their economic progress might begin to match that of the U.S., which is still moving ahead much faster than other nations, still widening the frustrating and envy-breeding gap that makes the success of U.S. capitalism a liability as well as an asset in the Cold War.

But principles, especially economic principles, are much better taught by practice than by preaching. The failure of the U.S. to develop a world economic policy is twofold: 1) it has not enunciated clearly and in relation to world problems the principles of its own success and 2) it has not realized these principles in concrete actions of international business. The failure in practice has been especially severe. Looked at from inside, the U.S. economy clearly expresses the lessons of private initiative and free competitive markets. Looked at from outside, the U.S. presents a contrary and dangerously misleading example, e.g., tariff walls, governmental—as distinguished from private—exports. The U.S. tariff walls and quotas on farm products seem to teach economic restriction; the U.S. aid programs seem to teach socialized international business. These are precise-



DEMOCRAT BUTLER IN "CHAMBER OF SMEARS"

Associated Press

The signals called for a kick.

porter replied that he was working from the critics' words, not from Nixon's deeds.

After establishing that point, the President went on: He had never heard of Nixon's making any sweeping condemnation of any party. The Vice President had talked about certain individual cases and the way they were handled administratively, had questioned good judgment, but not loyalty.

The record clearly supported the Eisenhower position. Even in his "Chamber of SMEARS," a display in Washington designed to dramatize the attack, Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler could actually show only scattered and minor references to the Vice President. Most of the space was devoted to local advertisements against Democratic candidates that had no connection with Nixon, e.g., a Wyoming ad that called U.S. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney "Foreign Agent 783" (because that was his number as a registered congressional lobbyist for Cuban sugar interests).

very different charge that the Democratic Administrations of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman had, in some very important instances, failed to understand and to meet the threat of Communist subversion. To support his case, he could and did point to specific closed cases, e.g., Soviet Agent Harry Dexter White was permitted to build a whole cadre of followers in the U.S. Treasury despite repeated warnings from the FBI; Soviet Agent Alger Hiss, whom Nixon helped uncover, was unconsciously defended by Harry Truman and Dean Acheson.

The Democratic attack on Richard Nixon is not aimed primarily at the Vice President, although knocking him out politically would be a useful byproduct for the Democrats. What the party strategists are really trying to do, with help from Democratic-leaning reporters of the press and radio-TV, is to perform a quick rewrite of history. Before 1956, they want to erase the record of negligence in dealing with Communist subversion.

ly what the U.S. does not stand for, precisely the opposite of what the U.S. has to tell the world about the road to prosperity.

Capitalism in Chains. In other countries, restrictions on international trade are associated with internal restrictions. The non-Communist world is not capitalist, or rather capitalism is asked to function in chains that stultify progress. Communism looks better than it should because capitalism is forced to show its least inspiring side and to bear the onus for the shortcomings of socialism.

Capitalism gets the blame for unemployment in Italy; few remember that only a quarter of the Italian productive system (other than agriculture) is privately run. Capitalism gets the blame for the near stagnation of France, but in France two-fifths of all new industrial capital is provided by the state. Is the wretched condition of French housing the fault of capitalism as a system—or is it more closely connected with anti-capitalist restrictions, e.g., 40 years of rent control and the fact that government red tape slows down construction to the point where it takes 2½ years to build a house (TIME, Jan. 10)?

Obviously, the U.S. cannot command France and Italy to lift internal restrictions on capital. But the U.S. ought to be able to encourage a climate of economic freedom by lowering barriers to international trade—beginning with its own barriers. Freer trade would make possible the freer flow of U.S. capital for the development of other countries and the export of American business know-how.

Most Americans fail to realize how U.S. foreign trade and foreign investment have virtually stood still while every other side of the economy was expanding. The dollar trade and investment figures have gone up—but only because the dollar is inflated. Thirty-five years ago U.S. foreign trade amounted to 15% of the gross national product; today it is 7%. Last year U.S. investors added about \$2 billion to their foreign holdings. Total U.S. foreign investment is only \$23 billion, and more than half of that is in the Western Hemisphere.

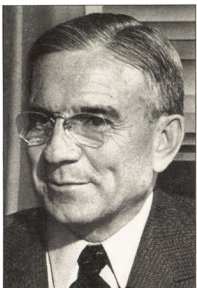
Individual investors cannot be blamed. The climate has not been favorable for trade or investment. The climate will not change unless the U.S. changes it.

Man-Made Barriers. President Eisenhower is determined to shatter this bad example and to express by preachment and by practice the true meaning of the U.S. economy. In his State of the Union Message and in last week's foreign-trade message he achieved the strongest, clearest official statement of the economic principles that has been made in the postwar period. Said the President:

"For every country in the free world, economic strength is dependent upon high levels of economic activity internally and high levels of international trade. No nation can be economically self-sufficient. Nations must buy from other nations, and in order to pay for what they buy they must sell. It is essential for the security

of the United States and the rest of the free world that the United States take the leadership in promoting the achievement of those high levels of trade that will bring to all the economic strength upon which the freedom and security of all depends. Those high levels of trade can be promoted by the specific measures with respect to trade barriers recommended in this message, by the greater flow of capital among nations of the free world, by convertibility of currencies, by an expanded interchange of technical counsel, and by an increase in international travel . . ."

After these bold words the President outlined a legislative program that he described as "gradual and moderate." It was perhaps too gradual and too moderate to catch the attention or to fire the imagination of the world or bring home



Arthur Siegel

CLARENCE RANDALL

Mainsprings instead of handouts.

the fact that the U.S. has at last embarked on a mission of international economic leadership.

Feet-on-the-Ground Man. The President's modest program is inhibited by a difficult Washington situation, in the middle of which he has placed Coordinator Dodge. The situation: Harold Stassen's Foreign Operations Administration represents a projection of the put-out-the-fire, fill-the-hungry-bellies, shovel-out-the-money policies of President Truman's Administration.

Good and necessary as these programs were in their day, they no more symbolize the basic U.S. economic lesson than the WPA of the 1930s symbolized it. Other nations, including the recipients of the grants, become uneasy in the client's role. Congress is restive at what it considers a waste of taxpayers' money. Treasury Secretary George Humphrey is the leader of the forces inside the Administration that oppose any foreign economic action unless they are dead sure the U.S. will

get its money's worth, either in dollar return or political advantage. Stassen has a positive—but outdated—program; Humphrey's approach is sound, inevitable—but negative in a situation that cries for a builder, Humphrey, whose function is to watch the dollars, cannot be expected to develop the program. Secretary of State Dulles understands the desperate need for a world economic policy but is too busy with political policy to do more than inspire. The purely congressional aspect of the policy is in the capable hands of Clarence Randall, who last year developed the program on which Eisenhower's new effort is based.

Between and beyond the responsibilities of Stassen, Humphrey, Dulles and Randall lies a vast area of action where the main outlines of a U.S. economic policy must be hammered out—by practical action, not mere words. As to words, Eisenhower's of last week are good enough if they are given concrete meaning in feet-on-the-ground operations. That is the area where Joe Dodge operates as chairman of the Council on Foreign Economic Policy, which includes Stassen and Secretaries Dulles, Humphrey, Benson and Weeks. Joe Dodge is very much of a feet-on-the-ground man.

In a speech to fellow bankers he said: "We are learning it is not the ideas or ideals that are at fault. It is the pitfalls of practice and application that tend to frustrate our efforts and add to our costs."

Although he has performed brilliantly in several high public posts, Joe Dodge, the man on whom much of the U.S. future now depends, is little known to the U.S. public. There is a reason for this public ignorance. Dodge admits "a congenital dislike to talk about myself. I have a horror of people who make a long putt on Sunday and talk about it for the next two weeks."

Mom Knew Best. The first-born of Joseph Cheesman Dodge, a poster artist, and his piano-playing wife Gertrude was brought up in an eight-room house on Detroit's middle-class Kirby Street. Life was pleasant and easygoing. In the evenings Joe and his brother and sister liked to gather around their mother's piano for a family sing, with father Dodge strumming a banjo. Sundays, little Joe sang soprano in the St. Andrew's (Episcopal) choir until his voice changed.

Their father often took Joe and his brother on hiking and camping trips, which inspired Joe with one of his earliest ambitions: to be a forest ranger. But Mom knew better. Said she: "I'm sure Joseph is going to be a banker. He is the only boy of his age who doesn't like to get his hands dirty."

After graduation from Central High School and a false start as a glue salesman, Joe began his banking career as a messenger boy at Detroit's Central Savings Bank. Soon he was a bookkeeper and had taught himself accounting on the side. At 20, he became Michigan's youngest state bank examiner, and did so well that Banking Commissioner Edward Doyle, who had not met him, summoned



ADVISERS HUMPHREY & DODGE ON U.S.S. HELENE (1952)*
In victory, yoghurt and a chance to unchain capitalism.

International

Dodge to Lansing. "Good God, I thought you were a man!" the commissioner exclaimed. Nevertheless, he appointed the baby-faced Dodge as his assistant.

In 1916 Dodge married Julia Jane Jeffers of Charlotte, Mich. and went to live in Detroit, where James Couzens, Michigan's banker-Senator, had given Dodge a bank job. Before long, Dodge's ex-boss, Banking Commissioner Doyle, tapped him to help his son, Tom Doyle, run the nation's largest Dodge auto agency (Joe is no kin to the car-making family).

While Dodge was selling Dodges, he decided that he needed some exercise. He took up boxing with a vengeance, made himself a skilled pugilist. One day a spare-parts dealer cursed out Auto Salesman Dodge, whose secretary dutifully recorded in her notebook what ensued: "Mr. Dodge sought him out to question him about the statements. The dealer made a wrong move and was suddenly flat on his back." Years later, Dodge's boxing coach remarked to a teller in the Detroit Bank that the bank's president "might have made something of himself if he had stuck to boxing."

Coming out Geisha Girls. In Depression's depth, Dodge abruptly told Tom Doyle: "Tom, there isn't enough money coming in to keep both of us. I'm leaving." Dodge's path led back to banking, this time to the vice presidency of Detroit's First National. A few months later the nation's banking system, and with it the First National, imploded. But by year's end Joe Dodge had spawned a new bank from the wreckage and was named president of another.

President Dodge once turned down a prominent businessman for a small loan when he learned that the man held some stock shares on margin. "Anyone who buys on margin is a poor financial risk," said Dodge, thus losing the loan applicant's big corporate account. Nevertheless, Dodge multiplied the Detroit Bank's

assets tenfold and attracted 380,000 accounts. "We run a kind of basement dry-goods business," he explained.

World War II found Banker Dodge negotiating Army Air Forces contracts in the Midwest. Soon he was heading the Pentagon's topmost War Contracts Board, which in four years handled \$190 billion worth of business, recovered \$11 billion for the taxpayers. From the Pentagon, Dodge was taken by General Lucius Clay to Germany as a financial expert. To get war-torn Germany off its cigarette economy, Dodge proposed a 90% currency reduction (one mark for ten), coupled with capital levies on real property to even out the burden of defeat. "Imagine a Detroit banker advocating a capital levy," gulped an aghast colleague.

In 1949, as General Douglas MacArthur's financial troubleshooter, Joe Dodge saved Japan from runaway inflation by imposing a regimen of austerity. He combed the national budget, once caught Japanese officials charging geisha girls to "miscellaneous" on their expense accounts. Dodge gave Japan its first balanced budget in 1949. For his work of stabilizing the Japanese yen, his most valued plaudit came from a Japanese Cabinet minister, who reported: "The thieves are now stealing money instead of goods."

Dodge's next call to do some budget doctoring came from Dwight Eisenhower, who had met him through Lucius Clay. On election night 1952, as returns pouring into Manhattan's Commodore Hotel spelled victory, Dodge sat placidly spooning up yoghurt. Presently Ike cornered Dodge and made him his first appointee. Budget Director Dodge overlooked no source of potential revenue, however minor. He raised rents in Government housing and admissions to national parks, told

* After joining President-elect Eisenhower on his return trip from Korea.

agencies to charge for supplying copies of records. He would replace no Government car unless it had six years and 60,000 miles of service, and he never replaced his own official car. His idea was to get a medium-priced make, at no cost to taxpayers, from among those legally seized from dope peddlers. But there was a flaw in his calculation: the dope peddlers' cars were all Cadillacs and Chryslers.

Box for Crises. "When Joe came back to Detroit last spring," says patient Julia Dodge, "I thought we might have some social life again, but I just couldn't plan a thing. Almost every night he brings papers home with him . . . We used to play bridge, but haven't had a game for four or five years." Dodge still has three hobbies that take his mind off money matters: photography, supervising his gardener on Sunday mornings, and playing with his three grandchildren, the offspring of his artist son.

In Dodge's Old State Building office the "In" box is not on his desk, but on his secretary's. When he walks in he picks up one paper, works on it, and then goes to the outer office for another. "One crisis at a time," is his motto. Already the "In" box is stacked high with crises.

In one way, Dodge did not ask for his present troubles, but in another way he did. He says: "Too many people are always trying to be good at something they aren't doing. I never set my cap for another job." The last job that sought him out—the one he has now—was created by Dodge, who expected someone else to fill it. Last fall he learned from a British official that Churchill's government had a Cabinet committee to coordinate foreign economic activity. Dodge recommended the same setup for Washington. President Eisenhower looked at the job description and decided that it fitted Joe Dodge. Dodge's friends, knowing his dislike of life in Washington, were surprised when he accepted. How did the President persuade him? "The boss has ways of doing that," says a Cabinet member who should know. "Maybe he smiled."

On the wall of Dwight Eisenhower's bedroom is a painting of a Chinese puzzle by Dodge's son, Joseph Jeffers Dodge, curator of the Hyde collection of art at Glens Falls, N.Y. The painting, a gift from Banker Dodge to Ike, represents the friendship between two men of vastly dissimilar backgrounds and personalities. It may also remind the President that Dodge will need all the help he can get in solving one of Washington's most difficult puzzles: how to make a foreign economic policy that is both exciting and practical, one that will imbue the free world with a sense of confident expansion and at the same time teach, in terms practical enough for Banker Dodge, the hard, useful lessons of U.S. business practice.

Last week Joe Dodge read an article with a significant title: "Make Your Money Go Further This Year." The taxpayer's military-expense dollar and his foreign-aid dollar will go a lot further if Joe Dodge finds and applies the means of stimulating economic freedom.

NEWS IN PICTURES

NEW ROADS: The U.S. Tackles Its Traffic

TO A NATION with 48,087,000 passenger cars, 9,792,000 trucks and a rapidly expanding economy, roads are more than a means of getting from one place to another. Modern, up-to-date highways are essential links between far-flung producers and consumers, help to tie the facilities of cities and hamlets alike to the economy's healthy growth. Last week a special presidential highway advisory committee, headed by General Lucius D. Clay, reported that the U.S. highway system is inadequate and obsolete, recommended the spending of \$101 billion for new highways over the next ten years. Under the proposal, which the President will submit to Congress on Jan. 27, the Federal Government would put up about 30% of the money—including \$25 billion to be raised by a special bond issue to pay for most of a 40,000-mile system of interstate

superhighways. State and local governments would pay for the rest of the program under financing plans still to be settled.

In some sections of the nation, important starts have already been made. New high-speed thruways thrust across New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Shorter links have been completed between urban centers in half a dozen states, and others are under construction or authorized from Massachusetts to Texas. But the most spectacular new expressways are those that plow directly into the hearts of cities, cutting wide swaths through densely packed areas. Urban freeways are expensive, as the few cities to tackle the problem have discovered. But the cost is low when reckoned in terms of the ultimate price of neglect—slow strangulation 1) of the metropolitan areas themselves and 2) of the essential highway system of a nation on wheels.

NEW HIGH SPEED CENTRAL ARTERY SLICES THROUGH OLD, NARROW STREETS OF BOSTON'S HUB

James F. Coyne



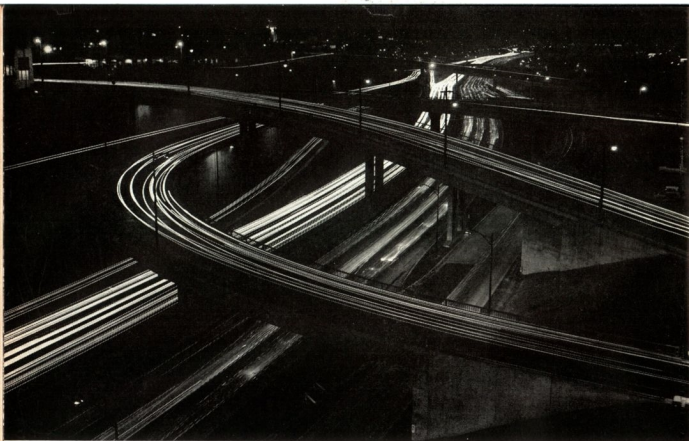




CHICAGO: \$80 million east-west Congress Street expressway across heart of the city will run through

tunnel in post-office building (center). Right of way and demolition of business blocks will cost \$50 million.

DETROIT: Looping interchanges in Dearborn connect Willow Run airport highway (bottom, right) with suburban boulevards and new six-lane Edsel B. Ford expressway (center, horizon) leading toward center of Detroit.



LOS ANGELES: 613-mile freeway system, to cost more than \$2 billion when finished, keeps traffic moving with complex interchanges (above) and four-level "stack" crossing (below).

Photos by Jack Birns



COMMUNISTS

Affirmed

Last week the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review the cases of 13 second-string Communist Party leaders, including National Committeewoman Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Pettis Perry, secretary of the party's Negro commission, on charges of conspiracy to advocate violent overthrow of the U.S. Twelve started serving sentences ranging from one to three years in prison; the 13th is standing trial in Washington on other charges.

GEORGIA

A Political Suicide

On a bleak, chilly day last week, as Samuel Marvin Griffin was inaugurated as the 72nd governor of Georgia, the Capitol flags flew at half-staff, in mourning for Georgia's 60th governor, John M. Slaton, who had died in the fullness of his 89th year just nine hours before the inauguration. Slaton's death recalled a story of rare political courage.

Festival Day. April 26, 1913 was a legal holiday in Georgia—Confederate Memorial Day—and Mary Phagan, a pretty blonde girl of 13, dressed carefully for the occasion. She was wearing her best dress, her blue hat with the flowers and ribbons on it and her Sunday shoes and carrying a gay little parasol when she got on the downtown streetcar to go to the parade. On her way, she stopped off at the National Pencil Factory, where she was employed at 10¢ an hour, to pick up \$1.20 in back pay. Early the next morning her body, ravished and brutally garroted with a piece of cord and a strip of her petticoat, was found in the basement of the factory. Blood matted her hair and her face was swollen and grimy.

Leo Frank, the factory superintendent who had recently arrived in Georgia from Brooklyn, was arrested and charged with murder. After the most sensational trial in Georgia history, Frank, a Jew, was found guilty and sentenced to hang. A great deal of doubt and bitterness surrounded the case, and Columnist Mark Sullivan wrote that it "fanned into a new flame for the moment the old animosities of the North and South of 50 years ago." The U.S. Supreme Court refused to grant a writ of habeas corpus, but a dissenting opinion—written by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes with Charles Evans Hughes concurring—caused a sensation. "It is our duty," said the minority justices, "to declare lynch law as little valid when practiced by a regularly drawn jury as when administered by one elected by a mob intent on death."

Lynching Day. Governor Slaton, after lengthy hearings and a deathbed appeal for clemency from the trial judge, commuted Frank's sentence to life imprisonment. "I can endure misconception, abuse and condemnation," he said, "but I cannot stand the constant companionship of an accusing conscience which would remind me that I, as governor of Georgia, failed to do what I thought



LEO FRANK & LYNCHERS

A grave under the pines.

to be right . . . It means that I must live in obscurity the rest of my days, but I would rather be plowing in a field than to feel that I had that blood on my hands."

Governor Slaton knew that he was committing political suicide, but he was not prepared for the violence of the reaction. In Atlanta, a mob marched up Peachtree Street to the Governor's home, had to be driven off by armed militiamen. In Marietta (where Mary Phagan was born and buried), another mob of some 40 unmasked men was organized, drove off to Milledgeville penitentiary, where Frank was imprisoned. Brandishing guns, they forced their way inside and dragged Leo Frank from his bed. Then they drove the 150 miles back to Marietta and hanged Leo Frank from a pine tree near Mary Phagan's lonely grave.



ROSE SPONSORS SMITH & BOLTON

A tomb under the petals.

Harris & Ewing

WOMEN

Resolutions for Roses

According to legend, when Aphrodite emerged from the foaming sea, the earth was so eager to compete with the spectacle that it promptly produced the first rose. The flower has been much in evidence ever since: Mark Antony's death request was that Cleopatra cover his tomb with roses, and William Penn brought 18 roses to America from London. The American Beauty is the flower of the District of Columbia, Georgia has the white Cherokee rose, Iowa the wild rose, and New York an unspecified variety of rose. But the indigenous goldenrod, despite its exaggerated reputation for producing hay fever, has been the popular candidate for U.S. national flower.

Last week Maine's Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith and Ohio's Republican Representative Frances Bolton introduced resolutions asking that the rose be made the national flower. Said the resolutions: "The rose has long been the favorite flower of the American people, who prefer it by a margin of 18 to 1 over any other." It added that the rose has become an "international symbol of peace"—the Peace rose gardens in such places as Jacksonville and Abilene apparently having dimmed the memory of the Wars of the Roses. Mused Mrs. Bolton: "Perhaps the President would issue his proclamation in the Rose Garden at the White House." Added Mrs. Smith: "The very famous Rose Garden in which he frequently appears." Thrilled Mrs. Bolton: "Wouldn't it be lovely if he did?"

He also had a recipe: "To comfort ye brains, and for ye palse, and for ye giddiness of the head. Take a handful of rose flowers, cloves, mace, nutmeg, all in a powder, quilt in a little bag and sprinkle with rose water, mixed with malmsey wine, and lay it in ye nod of ye neck."

AGRICULTURE

Bitter Butter

"Daddy," a young voice may pipe in 1965, "what did you do during the cold war?" If Daddy was a U.S. diplomat he may have to answer: "I tried to give away butter and eggs." If the small fry thinks this activity unheroic, he will be wrong. Scores of U.S. diplomats are working day and night, trying to allay the raging resentment of allies over the U.S. program for disposing of parts of its \$7 billion accumulation of surplus commodities. Last week the storm reached a new intensity when Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson announced a desperate "test." The U.S., under the plan, would export 10 million lbs. of surplus butter for competitive bidding on world markets.

In other butterfat countries (e.g., Denmark, The Netherlands, New Zealand and Australia) the test plan got a rancid reception. "The effect of the present proposal," said New Zealand Ambassador Sir Leslie Munro, "is to export a domestic difficulty at the risk of grave injury to . . . smaller and weaker countries."

Italy and South Africa were unhappy about subsidized export of U.S. oranges; Thailand and Burma objected to rice dumping. From Spain came a lament about the distribution of free American milk to poor children. Spanish dairymen insisted that the U.S. largesse was having a ruinous effect on their business; milk purchases in Valencia are off 25%.

Where it couldn't cram its surpluses down foreign gulches, the U.S. seemed determined to force-feed its own. President Eisenhower, taking a tip from Lactophile Pierre Mendes-France, announced that the nation's armed forces and schoolchildren were going to get more milk. Benson urged the nation to eat more eggs. With U.S. hens laying 270 million more eggs in January than the record nestful of a year ago, Benson had reason to be alarmed. "Besides being friendly to your budget," cackled an urgent Agriculture Department brochure, "eggs are friendly to you . . ."

Moscow's *Pravda* last week reported that in New England's factory towns the people could not find "meat, butter or even margarine" in the stores. This was the usual *Pravda* flimflam, but bedeviled Ezra Benson could almost wish it true. No end is in sight for the flow of surplus food stimulated by the Government's farm price support program.

THE CONGRESS

Tails of Jersey City

T. (for Thomas—"or, as my friends suggest, for Tumulty") James Tumulty, 41, is a beefy, bumptious New Jersey politician* whose oratory has a Jersey bounce ("If I must kiss a rump, let it be the biggest in town") and whose party loyalties have a two-way stretch (he has been a

* His uncle, the late Joseph P. Tumulty, was Woodrow Wilson's secretary.



CONGRESSMAN TUMULTY
After J. Q. Adams and Marilyn Monroe.

Democrat, a Republican, a Democrat again, a good friend and hot opponent of Democratic Boss Frank Hague, a warm supporter of Dwight Eisenhower, Estes Kefauver and Joe McCarthy). Last week freshman Congressman Tumulty (currently a Democrat) faced a problem. He had gained 30 pounds during last fall's campaign, now weighed an imposing 320 lbs. ("In campaigns now," he explained, "you don't make speeches, you just eat canapés"), and nowhere in Washington could he find a dress suit to wear to the President's congressional reception. After trying all the local tailors, resourceful Representative Tumulty hurried back to Jersey City to see a tailor he knew. While he was waiting for alterations, a photographer showed up, and Tumulty posed (see cut) for the latest published photograph of a politician in underpants.* After all, said Tumulty, "if Marilyn Monroe can do it, why can't I?" At the reception, Representative Tumulty was impeccably turned out in a stylish-stout size 56 tails, trousers and all.

* Other publicly untrousered high officials were John Quincy Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Marion Zionscheck, Eugene J. Keogh and James P. Richards. Adams, when President, was observed swimming in the Potomac; Roosevelt, when President, frequently made trans-Potomac swims when the river got in the way of his point-to-point hikes around Washington. Representative Zionscheck of Washington state waded in Manhattan's Prometheus Fountain, a week later was arrested in an advanced state of undress in the capital. Brooklyn's Representative Keogh and South Carolina's Representative Richards were de-pantsed in a sleeping car in Spain, later recovered the trousers, \$3,800 expense money and a rabbit's foot.

OPINION

"Let's Kick This Around"

In *America*, the Jesuit weekly, the Rev. Thurston N. Davis, S.J., last week wrote some testy words about the state of the American language. Father Davis was especially upset over linguistic corruption by advertising agencies:

"Here are a few samples of the verbal bacilli we take into our bloodstreams every day with the morning paper. A blimp-wich is a monster Dagwood. Traxcavators are for the farm, exercycles for the form. Mistle toes are slippers. Ranchjamas and perma-sized skijamas are what you wear to bed. You also wear antsy pants . . ."

Calaperm Dangerating. "Planning to give people presents? Why not a phonorama for the family, a cholly hoss for the kids . . .? Wear-with-all lipstick makes a cheap gift for the wife. Why not write her a check for the handsome calaperm acetate taffeta shower curtain with the elegant lurex stripe . . .?"

"Perhaps the language of Chaucer and Churchill is better for now including k-veniences, which are hangers, coinveniences, which hold money for parking meters, kon-veen-yunt tire chains, food-tainers and keytainers, roylies, which are dollies, plast-i-cap thumbtacks, tasteas, teapifid teabags, kar-pokits, diced cream, expaditers (pads of paper), slipper-grippers, chap sticks, paper mates, superfec-tion strawberries, dangeratings, schweep-pervescence . . . Ladies can do lots in culottes, and summarize in summer dresses, size 16-40. After a long day in the office, their husbands come home and slip on their leisuals . . ."

Irium & Bullium. "Each of us has a bit of Walter Mitty in him. We like to feel cut in on the mysteries of nuclear physics and biochemistry. Few of us will ever find uranium in our vegetable gardens, but we can all have razor blades treated with duridium, shoe polish with lanolor, warfarin for killing rodents, irium in our toothpaste. We can even make top-soil in the backyard with fluffium. As a wag put it not long ago, all we need now is bullium . . ."

"This meretricious use of sounds and syllables to titillate a jaded public has no limit. The result is a slow corruption of language. Words are meant to have meaning. They are conventional symbols for the spiritual realities we call ideas. Until the recent past, a kind of abiding respect for language kept us from permitting its disintegration through arbitrary combination of its mangled elements. When new words came to life, their birth was superintended by jealous academies of lexicographical midwives . . . Now anything goes . . ."

"Perhaps this is too solemn an analysis of Madison Avenue," concludes Father Davis. "After all, a fellow has to make a living. But as they say down there when a big problem comes up late Friday afternoon: 'Let's kick this around over the weekend, and Monday morning we'll get together and cross-pollinate.'"

FOREIGN NEWS

ITALY

Peace, It's Temporary

In Rome's huge Adriano theater, where Mussolini once harangued his Fascist conventions, some 1,200 hand-picked delegates and 1,600 carefully screened guests gathered one day last week for a conference of the biggest Communist Party outside the Iron Curtain. Draped in the red, white and green of Italy's flag, a hammer and sickle hung dramatically from a wall. In a huge banner strung above the rostrum, the key word was *pace*—peace. But within Italy's Communist Party, there was no *pace*, only the profession of it.



obviously afraid of what "free democratic discussions" among the rank and file might produce. Leader Togliatti himself opened the meeting with a three-hour speech, artfully mixing sweet talk and arm-waving bombast. On the platform beside him sat the party's two deputy secretary generals, rivals in the hierarchy and totally unlike in manner and make-up: scholarly Party Dogmatist Pietro Secchia, 51, who coined the slogan, "A Communist cell beside every church tower in Italy"; and impetuous Luigi Longo, 54, the party's blustering, street-fighting "man of action." They listened to Togliatti's speech with a minimum of enthusiasm, but five days

Apparently afraid that he might turn up somewhere with a damaging story, the Communists characteristically accused him of absconding with 8,000,000 lire and some classified party documents.

The spread of dissent, wide as it was, apparently was not strong enough to break Togliatti's hold. In the course of the conference, he summoned party brass into a private meeting to consider disciplinary measures against the rebels, Pietro Secchia among them. Some demanded expulsion from the party, but Togliatti talked Secchia into suppressing his demands for sterner policies in return for a promise of no reprisals against the rebels. Then,



BOSS TOGLIATTI & ITALIAN COMMUNIST LEADERS AT ROME CONFERENCE
"Opportunism, ambition, conformism and fear."

James Whitmore—Life

Over the smoke and babble of the meeting hall floated the scent of trouble.

Palmiro Togliatti, the glib, tough Moscow darling who bosses Italy's Reds, well knew that discontent with his rule was stirring the top of his hierarchy. A hard-core of "activists" murmur increasingly against Togliatti's blue-suit Communism—his policy of seeking respectability and talking popular front. Lately things have not been going Togliatti's way. The Communists, who prate of their superior morality, were stunned by the sex scandal of their noblest Roman politico, Giuseppe Sotgiu; they have been hurt by Premier Mario Scelba's increasing pressure on the sources of their economic wealth; they have been stung by the taunting, placard-plastering activity of Edgardo Sogno (TIME, Nov. 1). The party itself, claiming 2,500,000 members, admits to a fall-off of 12,000 Young Communists membership in the past year.

Cells Beside Towers. According to the party's constitution, it was time for a national party congress. Togliatti instead summoned only a party "conference," meaning that delegates were picked from above, not elected from below; he was

later Secchia joined conspicuously in the usual sycophantic tributes to Togliatti.

Plainly the word had come down, presumably from Moscow, that there must be no open signs of internal split. That word did not stop the circulation among delegates and guests of an anonymous pamphlet vigorously condemning Togliatti for "personal rule and political tyranny." It accused the party leadership of repudiating the revolutionary class struggle, and of collaborating with political bourgeois forces in creating "parliamentary illusions. Our party press has become deceitful and flattering. The cadres are dominated by opportunism, ambition, conformism and fear."

Suppressed Demands. The sentiments were those that Party Dogmatist Secchia is known to hold; the words were probably those of his male secretary and close confidant, Aldo Seniga. The letter itself was reportedly inspired by Bruno Fortichiani, one of the founders of Italian Communism, now 62 and out of favor with Togliatti's blue-suit Communists for his long insistence on militant tactics. Several days before the conference opened, Secretary Seniga suddenly disappeared.

Palmiro Togliatti strutted back into public view to pretend, by sarcasm and ridicule, that such a thing as dissent had never existed. "Comic . . . ridiculous . . . grotesque," said Togliatti. "These reports only show how stupid our enemies are. We are glad of this because stupid enemies are easier to fight than intelligent enemies." The delegates roared their approval, and 1,200 hands voted their endorsement of the leadership of Palmiro Togliatti. Outwardly, at least, the comrades were all at *pace*—for now.

In Marcedusa (pop. 1,279) in the poverty-stricken central region of Calabria, the Communist mayor and the Communist council have switched in a body to the Christian Democrats.

The Unforgiving Lion

Until Rodolfo Graziani made it a terrifying reality for thousands of conquered Africans, the Graziani family motto—"An enemy forgiven is more dangerous than a thousand foes"—was no more sinister than scores of other Italian family mottoes handed down from the age of feuding dynasties. Soldier Graziani was 32 years

old and a loud-voiced, hulking 6 ft. 4 in. when World War I broke out. But though twice wounded and twice decorated, he found himself among Italy's millions of jobless at war's end. When the government called for volunteers to "pacify" Libya, Graziani rejoined the army. A year later Benito Mussolini, the new Fascist leader, took over, and Graziani was on his way to becoming a hero again.

He brought a new trick to desert fighting. Between lines of trucks he strung electrified wires, then drove the sword-swinging Senussi horsemen into the electric net. He rounded up 80,000 noncombatant men, women and children, and put them in concentration camps. In pursuit of the Senussi he sent "flying tribunals," which tortured their captives, hung them in bags from tall trees and dropped them out of airplanes. When Senussi Chief Omar El Muktar surrendered and asked for the status of a forgiven enemy, Graziani had him shot as a bandit.

The Viceroy. Graziani was a natural for the campaign in Ethiopia. Laughingly he asked Mussolini whether he wanted Ethiopia with or without Ethiopians, and Mussolini replied that the task was to carry "Roman civilization" to East Africa. From Italian Somaliland he rode into Ethiopia at the head of an army of 60,000 men, a strapping figure in his desert uniform, wearing a monocle. His "Hell on Wheels" offensive bogged down. Finally, by liberal use of poison gas and bombs, he scattered Ras Desta's barefooted Ethiopians, and on horseback at the head of his troops he entered the village of Neghelli, which he described in flamboyant dispatches as "the Southern capital."

Mussolini created him a Marshal of Italy, later made him Viceroy of Ethiopia. Summoning the populace to the viceroyal palace in Addis Ababa, Graziani stood up to address them when a couple of hand grenades bounced in. Graziani fell, crying, "They've killed me." Every Italian who had a weapon began firing into the crowd. In a few minutes there were a thousand dead in the palace grounds. Promiscuous killing, arson and pillaging went on for days. Total dead: 1,600. Even Mussolini protested, but Graziani, whose wounds were superficial, replied: "Mild measures never retained conquered soil." A few months later he was withdrawn from Ethiopia, created hereditary Marquis of Neghelli by King Victor Emmanuel III.

The Vanquished. Back to Africa went Graziani when Italy entered World War II. At the head of a force of more than 250,000 men he advanced from Libya 70 miles into Egypt without much opposition; suddenly he halted his columns and began flagging Mussolini for reinforcements. Said Mussolini: "One should not give jobs to people who are not looking for at least one promotion. Graziani's only anxiety is to remain a marshal." In a two-month battle at the end of 1940 General Wavell's British force, a fifth the size of the Italian, destroyed Grazi-

ani's army, captured 130,000 prisoners, and 400 tanks. Retreating to Tripoli, Graziani wrote a letter of recrimination to Mussolini, who said to his son-in-law Ciano: "I cannot get angry because I despise him."

But in 1943 when King Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio joined the Allies, the retreating Mussolini made Graziani Minister of War in his new Fascist government. Said Graziani, who had never forgiven Badoglio for beating him to Addis Ababa: "Treachery and unfaithfulness have stained the flag of Italy." His Blackshirt army became the chief Nazi agent for dealing with Italian partisans. In 1945 the partisans caught Graziani.

The Simple Soldier. For five years Graziani languished in Italian jails and military hospitals, and in 1950 he was



H. Korte—Black Star
RODOLFO GRAZIANI
Bully-boy wonder.

brought to trial before a military tribunal, a tall, gaunt, white-haired old man still wearing his grey-green army uniform with three rows of military decorations. He told a civilian court that he had been a "Fascist from birth." Now his main line was that he was a "simple soldier," who had to march where he was ordered: "Today I'd march at the order of even a Communist government, provided it was in a good cause." He was sentenced to 19 years, with amnesty remissions and time served, the sentence worked out to four months.

Released in 1950, he was immediately taken up by the Neo-Fascist M.S.I. Party as the leading symbol of Fascist glory. Twice he resigned from it; though the party publicly venerated him, its leaders regarded him at best an embarrassment, at worst an imbecile. Last week their embarrassment was ended. At 72, the Desert Lion, after undergoing an abdominal operation, died of a heart attack.

GREAT BRITAIN

Five for Ten

Sir Anthony Eden last week rounded out ten full (but not continuous) years as Britain's Foreign Secretary, a record equaled by only four predecessors—Lord Catterleigh, Palmerston, Salisbury and Grey.

Assumptions

Britain's forthcoming defense program, accenting science and air power, and de-emphasizing army and navy, is based on the following official assumptions, the *Manchester Guardian* reported last week: ¶ The advent of the thermonuclear bomb means that the first 20 or 30 hours of a major war would probably be decisive for the tight-packed British Isles, and Britain must therefore go all out to build up an atomic bomber force, capable of destroying Soviet bomber bases—either in coordination with the U.S. Strategic Air Command or independently of it.

¶ Until 1960, U.S. supremacy in strategic air power will continue to deter the Russians from risking all-out war. SAC's nuclear bombers, the British reason, are already in a position to cripple the Soviet Union, whereas the Red air force is still incapable of knocking out the U.S.

¶ By 1960, Soviet cities may be protected by guided-missile batteries, and the Soviet air force is expected to have hundreds of its new heavy bombers of sufficiently long range to drop nuclear bombs on the U.S.'s largest industrial centers.

¶ From 1960 on, the strategic balance will begin to swing in favor of whichever side is quickest to find defenses against the other's offensive weapons. Scientific research is thus the most critical factor in the West's defense planning. Britain, which already spends at least one-tenth of its arms budget on research, will probably increase the proportion, hoping that in quality, if not in quantity, it can stay far ahead of the Soviet Union.

MIDDLE EAST

Off the Fence

After seven days of friendly talk in Baghdad, Premiers Adnan Menderes of Turkey and Nuri es-Said of Iraq jointly announced last week their decision to sign a mutual defense pact. Washington and London were pleased: the joining of oil-rich Iraq to NATO member Turkey is the first major break in the log jam of Arab neutrality. But in Cairo, the news caused consternation.

Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, no friend of Communism, has nevertheless used his considerable prestige to keep the Middle East state uncommitted. In the quarrelsome and weak Arab League, neutralism is not hard to sell since it is negative: the Arab states are united chiefly by a common antipathy to Israel and a general indifference to the Cold War. But last month, meeting in Cairo, three Arab League members (Iraq, Syria and

Cadillac



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They have decided to get the facts about Cadillac—to see if, perhaps, the time has come for them to move up to the "car of cars".

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Never before has the car offered so much by way of beauty, or luxury,

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You'll lose your heart to Lima, Peru. It's rich in old Spanish architecture. Rain is rare. During February, temperatures average 74°. Hotel rates are as low as \$3.50 a day! "South America has everything," say travelers who've seen it with the World's Friendliest Airline.



Love lobsters? They're called "Langostas" in Chile. At their best pulled fresh from the Pacific and boiled in sea water at Viña del Mar, near Santiago. Night life at Viña centers around the Casino. There's fabulous fishing near Santiago, too. Both deep-sea and fresh water. Only Panagra planes fly to Santiago from the U. S. A. Daily service.



For reservations on either luxurious *El InterAmericano* or thrifty *El Pacifico* tourist service, call your Travel Agent or Pan American, Panagra's U. S. Sales Agent.

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WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

Lebanon) openly rebelled against Nasser's neutralism. They pointed to his own deal with London, whereby the British agreed to get out of Suez and the U.S. followed through with \$40 million in aid. The three states insisted on an open discussion of the economic and military advantages of dealing with the West. Nasser agreed to set another meeting for Jan. 10 to discuss their complaint, but the meeting was never held because Iraq said it could not come. Iraq was already, it turned out, preparing its deal with Turkey.

At week's end Gamal Abdel Nasser was in a spot. If he reversed himself and approved Iraq's move, he risked trouble with his own mercurial and frequently xenophobic people. If he disapproved, but could not stop the falling away of other Arab states, Egypt might find itself no longer the leader in the Arab Middle East. Fretted Nasser: "Sometimes politicians are not patient enough. This action has come too soon. Now it will be complicated."

GERMANY

"A Necessary Evil"

Adolf Galland, a fearless, cigar-chomping flyer, was the youngest major general in German history. He learned to fly a glider in the post-Versailles days when the Germans were forbidden an air force. He learned to fight as a member of the German "volunteer" Condor Legion in Spain, came home a squadron leader. In 1942, after three years of World War II, Fighter Pilot Galland was 30, a major general, a top-ranking ace, and inspector general of the *Luftwaffe* fighter command. After his 94th kill, Hitler personally hung the diamond-studded Knight's Cross around Galland's neck.

Young General Galland probably saw little of Hitler, except on such ceremonial occasions, but as inspector general he fought mightily for development of the jet-powered Messerschmitt 262 as the only possible defense against the Allies' vast fleets of bombers. Hitler, against the advice of his best airmen, ordered the jets used as bombers, not fighters, and also opted to throw Germany's resources into making guided missiles—the put-putting V-1 and the rocket-powered V-2. By late 1944 Galland, like his fellow airmen, was perfectly able to see that Germany, without enough defense against the air raids, had had it. Relieved in the dying days of the war, he took command of a last-ditch squadron of hand-picked aces, none ranking lower than colonel, and went up to battle again.

At war's end, Airman Galland blamed Germany's "indescrutable misery" on the Allied bombing, and after a few years went off to authoritarian Argentina to ply his trade as adviser to Perón's Aeronautics Ministry. Galland stayed carefully out of politicking in Argentina's tight little ex-Nazi community.

Last week, black Havana jutting from scarred cheek, Adolf Galland was home, the No. 1 candidate for commander of the soon-to-be 80,000-man West German air



AIR ACE GALLAND
Business is looking up.

force. He landed in Frankfurt after six years' absence, cried: "I am happy to be back." and promptly denied the headlines about his new post. But the tall, slim airman, now 43, talked suspiciously like a commanding officer: "The new German air force will not be built around World War II flyers, who are now too old. It will be built around youth. It's now become a necessary evil for Germany to rearm." For the record, Bureau Blank, West Germany's shadow Defense Ministry, denied any ties to Galland (it does not like to name names before the French Senate votes). But privately a Bureau Blank man admitted: "Galland, after all, is about the only man we have who's been near a plane in ten years."

WESTERN EUROPE

Fence Mender at Work

A slim black Citroën sped along the road that winds north from Naples, across the Pontine Marshes and on to Rome. In it sat the Premier of France, encased in a dark grey overcoat; at his side was his wife Lily, with whom he had just spent a needed but rain-swept four-day holiday in the village of Positano.

Pierre Mendès-France, the unresting, was headed for conferences with Italian Premier Scelba and Germany's Chancellor Adenauer. It was international fence-mending week. The Italians, who had a list of 72 minor questions to settle with the French (e.g., sea-traffic regulations between Corsica and Sardinia), had offered to journey as usual to Paris, but Mendès overnight made himself something of an Italian hero by going, instead, to Rome.

Mendès hoped to enlist Italian and German support for two of his pet projects: 1) a European Arms Pool, to standardize and control arms production in all Western European Union nations, and 2) talks

with the Russians in the spring. Italian and German backing, he thought, might help him get German rearmament through the French Senate later this month.

Arms Pool for Europe. Mendès visited the sights of Rome with Premier Scelba and donned morning coat and top hat to call on Pope Pius XII. He was the first French Premier ever to visit the Pope. It was also the first audience granted by the ailing Pontiff since late November. They talked for 20 minutes, and Mendès presented the Pope with a collection of 17th century sermons. Emerging from the Vatican, Mendès said of its splendors: "Now I understand what grandeur really is." The Italians were delighted.

Mendès' quizzical features, the details of his every meal, blazed from the Rome front pages; his pretty wife was acclaimed as "gentilissima." But when Mendès sat down to talk over his European Arms Pool with Premier Scelba, he was less successful. His plan, he said, would make European arms production cheaper and more efficient by enabling each member of WEU to concentrate on those items it is best fitted to produce (The Netherlands, electronics; Britain, jet engines; Germany, explosives; France, fuselages). The Italians were polite but noncommittal.

One evening in Rome, Mendès got cornered at a cocktail party by fellow-traveling Socialist Pietro Nenni who objected to West German rearmament. Mendès retorted: "German rearmament has already been started in Eastern Germany." "But that is only police," said Nenni. "Ah, oui," snapped Mendès-France. "A police force that uses armored cars and airplanes to hunt down criminals."

Welcome in Germany. Mendès slept in the President of Italy's four-car special train as it went north over the Alps to Baden-Baden (pop. 37,000) in the French Zone of Germany. There, in the Prince's Salon of the Hahnhof, he met Konrad Adenauer for the first time since that October night in Paris when the two men battled until 3 a.m. to hammer out an agreement on the Saar. At first, the atmosphere was starch-stiff with formality and suspicion. But as soon as *Der Alte* recognized that this time Mendès-France was seeking his help, not handing him an ultimatum, the conversation improved.

While their leaders discussed high policy, French and German experts got down to economic brass tacks. They agreed to double French grain sales to Germany, threshed out the details of a three-year Franco-German trade agreement, paved the way for a joint Franco-German Chamber of Commerce. By the time *Der Alte* and Mendès joined them for a full plenary session, the experts of both nations were laughing and joking over coffee and fancy cakes.

The first plenary session dealt with Mendès' Arms Pool. The Netherlands, Britain and the U.S. had already made it plain that they are against it; now Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard turned a German cold shoulder, too. Mendès shrugged: it was just a suggestion, not a

draft or a plan. But he did not give up; in Paris this week the seven nations of WEU will discuss his ideas in detail.

A Fresh Personality. Plenary Session No. 2 dealt with the Saar. Mendès could afford to be reasonable, for he had got the better of the previous bargain: the agreement calls for the Saar to be detached from Germany, to be administered by a High Commissioner (probably British) on behalf of the new Western European Union. Mendès pleased Adenauer by agreeing

are numbered—and that the number is a low one.

The Premier has grown increasingly remote. Most of the bright young brain-trusters who clustered about him in the early days and spouted eager advice while a barber shaved him or a waiter served lunch have been banished from the inner chambers. For intimate guidance, Mendès now relies on only three disciples—Jean Soutou, 43, and Claude Cheysson, 35, who are intelligent Quai d'Orsay types, and

rearmament. He now realizes that his gamble has hurt French prestige abroad.

¶ The breakdown of French negotiations with the Tunisian nationalists. This is the deepest of all Mendès' disappointments, because he had looked on Tunisia as a beginning, whereas all the other hard decisions taken were endings.

While he was away last week, the National Assembly convened to elect a new President. On the third ballot, Deputies voted 232 to 188 to turn out Incumbent Socialist André Le Troquer, whose party has been most consistently behind Mendès' policies in spite of its refusal to join his Cabinet. In Le Troquer's place the Deputies elected Pierre Schneider of the Roman Catholic M.R.P. Though Schneider, a Resistance hero and mayor of Reims, is personally not hostile to Mendès in the fashion of Mendès-hating M.R.P.ers Georges Bidault and his followers, the election was everywhere understood as a rebuff to the Premier. "The sole of the boot was for Le Troquer," rejoined one anti-Mendès Deputy, "but the heel was for Mendès."

The vote showed, at any rate, that a majority exists to bring down Mendès the minute a convenient issue arises. Some of Mendès' young supporters would just as soon see him fall shortly, so that out of office he can begin a new grouping of the left, which would return him to power with a stronger mandate. Mendès himself is not in such a hurry to quit office. "As long as I continue to do useful work," he says, "I'll not give up."

RUSSIA

The King Georgy Version

Having already learned the benefits of rewriting their history, Russia's Communists have now decided to rewrite their bible: *Das Kapital*. Radio Moscow announced that Georgy Malenkov and his friends are worried about "serious faults" in the 1924 edition of Karl Marx, and have delegated Party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev to prepare a new edition, eliminating unspecified errors and correcting "certain distortions."

Vorkuta

Two Americans stepped through the Iron Curtain last week, free men. Private William Marchuk, 38, of Norristown, Pa., who disappeared from his Army unit in Berlin in 1949, asked for a cigarette and grunted, as he dragged on it: "First American cigarette in six years." His companion, John H. Noble, 31, of Detroit, had been arrested by the Russians in Dresden in 1945. Said he: "I have much to tell."

What Noble had to tell about was Vorkuta, a name that is likely to live in infamy with Dachau and Belsen. Marchuk and Noble had been held for years in Vorkuta slave camp, and they brought out word that a handful of other Americans are still there.

In the past three years, Germans, Russians, Spaniards and Greeks have also been released from Vorkuta; some have



ADENAUER & FRIEND AT BADEN-BADEN
New points for cross tacks.

Ralph Crane—Lutz

to let German parties in the Saar campaign freely before a plebiscite which will determine the Saar's future.

That evening they sat at a corner table in the hotel taproom, the abstemious Frenchman drinking German mineral water, the German, French brandy. The final session lasted until half-past midnight, but tired as they were, *Der Alte* and Mendès held a sparkling press conference. "Pleasant . . . constructive . . . great feeling of optimism," said Pierre Mendès-France. "An extremely fresh and healthy-appearing personality," said Konrad Adenauer of his little guest. As Mendès rushed away to catch his train for Paris, *Der Alte* said "*Gute Nacht*," and then—in halting English: "We've had a good day."

Numbered Days

Behind the big smile that Pierre Mendès-France wore on his statesman's rounds last week was a disappointed and embittered man. After seven months in office, Mendès-France agrees with the popular estimate that his days as Premier

Simon Nora, 33, who is something of a financial wizard. Even emissaries specially summoned from as far away as Indo-China find themselves closeted with the young aides for lengthy interrogations, then see the well-briefed Premier himself for an hour or less.

The Premier, according to a reliable reading of his current mood, is depressed chiefly for these reasons:

¶ The Socialists' (105 seats in the National Assembly) refusal to join his government. Mendès now concedes that in his first days as Premier he moved too fast, and did not lay proper groundwork for Socialist cooperation. The issues that attracted them (Indo-China, North Africa, EDC) are now disposed of; some of his proposed economic reforms may prove pure hemlock to the Socialists.

¶ The Assembly's close vote on German rearmament. In private, Mendès keeps referring sadly to the narrowness of the plurality (27 votes). He deliberately let EDC die on the assumption that he could get a husky plurality for straight German

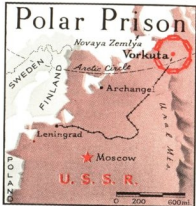
told their stories to interrogators, others have filled twelve issues of a refugee magazine with firsthand descriptions of the Soviet slave camp system. Together their stories present a well-documented picture.

Forty Pitheads. Vorkuta is a complex of prison camps, situated in the bleak tundra territory of European Russia on the river Vorkuta above the Arctic Circle, about 1,400 miles northeast of Leningrad. A century ago Czar Nicholas I's advisers suggested to him that he make a colony for political prisoners at Vorkuta, but when he learned the conditions, Nicholas decided that it was "too much to demand of any man that he should live there." The Soviets let the native Komi remain there, virtually ignored until 1942, until the invading Nazis captured the Donbas coal mines. Then, gathering a vast horde of war prisoners, refugees from the Baltic states and the Ukraine, the Russians built a railroad to Vorkuta and began mining coal in its permanently frozen ground.

Today, in a vast area, there are 40 pitheads, serviced by the camps of the Vorkuta complex. There are an estimated 235,000 people in the Vorkuta complex, some 12,000 of them guards, technicians and officials, about 105,000 of them prisoners, and another 120,000 of them prisoners freed from the camps but forbidden to leave the area. Vorkuta supplies about 6% of the Soviet Union's coal production.

White Winter. Ten months of the year Vorkuta is blanketed by snow. El Campesino, the peasant general who fought for the Republicans in the Spanish civil war (one of the few people ever to have escaped from a Soviet prison camp), has described the storms which sweep over the Vorkuta during the winter: "The watch dogs of our guards sensed the approach of a snowstorm before we did; they began to howl and whine, and this would be the signal to start cutting holes into the frozen ground where there was no other shelter. One day a shift of 150 prisoners on its way back to camp was caught in a sudden storm only a few hundred yards from the mine. The guard, abandoned them and made their way back to shelter with the help of their dogs. The prisoners dug themselves in. Two days later, when the storm abated, the next shift going to the mine passed small white mounds. Nobody troubled to dig the bodies out. But one of the officers in the camp command said: 'It is a pity we've lost their clothing.'" A typical Vorkuta camp, built around a mine pit, consists of some 30 long, low, Quonset-like barracks made of vertical boards and roofed with hand-reaved board shingles. The cracks are chinked with mud and cinders, and two coal-fed brick stoves supply heat. Rows of double-deck bunks run the length of the building, but frequently prisoners have to sleep on the floor. Buckets provide sanitation.

Prisoners wear quilted uniforms, men in blue, women in black. The uniforms of political prisoners are stenciled, top and bottom, with combinations of numerals and letters which tell prison officials at a



glance the prisoner's history. No histories could be more varied. The camps contain Old Bolsheviks who claim acquaintance with Lenin and Trotsky, Socialists, at least 30 *Wehrmacht* soldiers and several thousands of German prisoners of war, thousands of Poles, Estonians, Lithuanians and Latvians, executioners who worked for the SS in the Ukraine, SS men, thousands of Russian and Ukrainian Jews (some of them victims of the "little pogrom" just before Stalin's death), Armenians, Greeks, Roman Catholic priests, Frenchmen, Chinese, Japanese, Tibetans.

A special group in the camps are the *Veruyushchie* (believers), prisoners who refuse to work for the state on the grounds of conscience. Among them are the *monashki*, devoted religious women who normally might have been nuns. Dr. Joseph Scholmer, a German M.D. who spent 3½ years in the camp, attended a religious service in one of the mine pits worked by Lithuanians: "We walked down passages that were full of people and eventually came to a disused gallery which ended in a little crypt. About 20 men had collected

there. All were standing in silence; they were sunk in prayer. They felt quite safe here. No soldier who values his life would ever venture down into the pit."

The Vagrants. Strangest of all the groups in the camps are the *blatnye*, the criminals, who take the best bunks, get the best food. "They belonged," wrote Dr. Scholmer, "to a tightly knit organization with rigid laws of its own which is to be found in every camp in Vorkuta. The organization is made up to a large extent of former *besprizornye*, the vagrant children who have been characteristic of the Soviet Union. I never once saw one so much as lay hands on a shovel. His companions would murder him if he did. The camp authorities put them officially into brigades, but it is more than any brigadier's life is worth to try and get any work out of them. Fights are nearly always settled with knife and hatchet. Every year a large batch of more than a thousand *blatnye* is shipped off to the camps on the island of Novaya Zemlya in the Arctic Ocean. From these camps there is no return."

At Vorkuta, each camp is surrounded by a twelve-foot-high barbed-wire fence. Inside the fence is a prohibited zone within which the guards in the towers shoot at sight. There are powerful arc lamps every 10 or 15 yards along the wire and during the long hours of winter darkness the prohibited zone is as bright as day. Beyond the camp is the tundra, where guards sit in camouflaged dugouts scanning the undulating landscape with field glasses, and slow-flying biplanes circle looking for suspicious movement. The Komi receive a reward for every escaped prisoner they hand over to the police. Yet prisoners still try to escape. When caught they are beaten to within an inch of their lives, sometimes stripped of their clothes and sent to solitary confinement in the *bor*, a prison within the prison, but with a difference: it is unheated.

There are compensations—of a kind. In the vast Soviet prison system, Vorkuta is classified as a "polar camp," which means that prisoners get better food. The daily ration includes 800 grams of bread and two warm dishes, usually oatmeal, thick soup or beans with fat. There is meat twice weekly, fish four times. Movies, usually Russian, are shown three times a month. *Pravda* is pasted on the wall.

After Stalin. On the camp loudspeakers, Vorkuta learned of Stalin's historic stroke. The religious knelt to pray. Others sang joyously. "A 'political expectation' spread through Vorkuta," says Konrad Michailowski, onetime major in the German 16th tank division, who arrived in the camp in 1950. "Everyone thought that Malenkov, whom they called 'Uncle Zhorka,' would change things. Things didn't change and Vorkuta became ripe for trouble."

On the wall-*Pravda*, the prisoners read of the insurrection in East Germany. Resistance was so open that on July 22, 1953 Vorkuta Commander General Derevyanko made a speech in one troublesome bar-



EX-PRISONER NOBLE
Slaves in the tundra.

racks. A Lithuanian interrupted: "I am sick of just working, working until I drop dead in the pit or the tundra sucks me up." Said Derevyanko: "You do not need freedom in order to live. As a citizen you are only on file [an expression frequently used in Soviet bureaucracy], but as a worker you live." The prisoners made a slogan of the general's words, shouted: "A man who is filed away can no longer work." When the order was given to go to work, 3,000 prisoners in the camp laughed.

The strike spread. Despite threats and promises, and the pleas of frantic Vorkuta officials, the revolt lasted ten days. In almost every camp the strikers maintained perfect discipline, and there was amazing unity among the prisoners, regardless of nationality. When prisoners chased officials from one camp, an officer gave the order to shoot. Two prisoners were killed, but there was no general riot.

Despite frantic appeals for instructions, Moscow was mysteriously silent for several days before word arrived that Deputy Minister of the Interior Maslennikov was on his way to Vorkuta by plane. The news sent a chill of fear through both the prisoners and guards. Strikers drafted eleven demands to present to him. At the first camp he visited, Maslennikov made a "fatherly" speech and promised a few concessions: unlocked barracks, more letters and a few rubles' pay. One by one the camps returned to work until finally there were only a few holdouts. At 10 a.m. on July 31 a detachment of Russian guards was deployed about Vorkuta. Quickly, they clamped an iron ring around the camp and the prisoners were told that everyone not out by 11 a.m. would be shot. As the frightened prisoners marched out of the gate, they were split up into groups of 100, and the strike leaders were arrested. Camp 20 refused to leave their barracks and the guards opened fire, killing about 150. Vorkuta quieted again.

In recent months, for whatever capricious reasons, the Communists have allowed a few men and women to leave this hell on earth, apparently supremely indifferent to whatever effect their small voices might have in the rest of the world.

KENYA

New Commander

Britain last week decided to try a new commander in its three-year-old fight to stamp out the Mau Mau in Kenya. General Sir George Erskine, 55, the big, cherry-cheeked commander in chief in Kenya since 1953, will be recalled to Britain; his successor will be a 48-year-old paratrooper: 6-ft. 4-in. Major General Gerald W. Lathbury, World War II leader of the British paratroopers at Arnhem.

Erskine's recall was the result of mounting dissatisfaction, in Kenya and in Britain, over the conduct of the Mau Mau war. Despite periodic announcements that the guerrillas were on the wane, 7,000 Mau Mau, armed with homemade guns and spears, are pinning down a division of British regulars and 28,000 Kikuyu Home

Guardsmen, Masai spearmen and Samburu trackers. Erskine, to his credit, succeeded in penning the Mau Mau into a mountain redoubt: the tangled Aberdare highlands. But his bluntly stated conviction that bullets alone would never wean the mass of the Kikuyu tribe away from their Mau Mau sympathies antagonized many of the crustier of Kenya's 40,000 white settlers. The settlers complained to Whitehall that the military were not being ruthless enough. Soldiers in turn blamed settlers for mistreating the loyal



GENERAL GERALD LATHBURY
Assignment: "Finish the job."

Africans, thereby providing the Mau Mau with a supply of recruits.

A fresh initiative was needed, and last week Whitehall decided that Lathbury was the man to supply it. His instructions were simple: go to Kenya and "finish the job."

GREECE

Say It with Money

"We must pay to buy us some man's love," mourned Euripides' lovesick Medea almost 2,500 years ago. In the centuries since, many another nubile Greek girl, along with her father, has complained of this state of things; in Greece an adequate dowry is a far more important prerequisite to marriage than a pretty face. In Salonika a weary housemaid recently made the trip to the altar after having scratched for seven long years to raise the \$500 demanded as a marriage settlement. A shepherd from the slopes of Mt. Olympus turned his true love down cold when her father produced only \$600 of a promised \$800. Even in up-to-date Athens, where marriageable women far outnumber available men, the man who marries for love alone is considered a crackpot. "If I worked like Superman," complained the Athenian father of eight daughters re-

cently, "I still couldn't get together enough money for their dowries."

Faced with a growing population of unmarried women, the village fathers of 17 villages in south-central Greece have written an open letter to Queen Frederika asking her to help abolish the dowry system altogether. "This system," wrote the rural elders, "has become a nightmare to families with daughters." Local swains were asking as much as \$1,300 in British gold sovereigns* in addition to housefuls of fathers' furniture as the price of their devotion. "These fathers are now deeply in debt," said one patriarch.

It was doubtful that popular Queen Frederika, for all the ardor of her feminism, could do much to save the situation. The local bishop was not at all encouraging. "The whole mentality of the country would have to change," he said last week. Added a Greek feminist: "The women of Greece are not yet ready for economic independence. As long as they have to depend on men, they will be at their mercy."

VIET NAM

Voluntary Disinfection

Convinced that Premier Diem, with his accent on austere morality, is going to be in power for a while, Saigon's powerful hoodlum sect, the Binh Xuyen, agreed meekly last week to abandon its golden empire of sin, at least for the time being. "We ourselves propose the suppression of gambling dens," proclaimed the Binh Xuyen's General Le Van Vien to an astonished populace. "If we did run gambling in the past, it was only because we wanted to give the newly born state of Viet Nam an indispensable complement of money in taxes for its budget . . . Now we conceive the urgent necessity of a complete disinfection of the regime from all defects . . . to defeat Communist propaganda." At week's end, Binh Xuyen's spectacular gambling casino, Le Grand Monde, which in the old days and under earlier management paid the Communists \$3,000 a day for protection, closed its doors.

Wealthy old General Vien, who runs Le Grand Monde (as well as various hotels, lumber mills and fisheries) docilely offered several thousand of his uniformed bully boys as recruits for the Vietnamese National Army; General Vien himself retired to the quiet family life he leads with his two wives, twelve children, screeching monkeys, a leopard, a tiger and some pet crocodiles. Wife No. 1 got in step with the new morality by starting a campaign against striptease, immoral books and dirty movies.

In Saigon's disinfection, however, there remained one problem. Premier Diem decided not to close down the Binh Xuyen's big brothel business for the time being, at least not before some other suitable line of work could be found for its several hundred girls.

* No longer in use in Britain itself.

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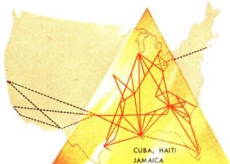


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THE HEMISPHERE

CENTRAL AMERICA

Power Politics

The President of Nicaragua last week challenged the President of Costa Rica to meet at the border and duel to the death with pistols. "If he hates me, then why not settle it this way?" grumbled Nicaragua's Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza, who claims to be the best shot in his tough, U.S. Marine-trained *Guardia Nacional*. "He's crazier than a goat in the midsummer sun," replied Costa Rica's José ("Pepe") Figueres, an M.I.T.-trained coffee planter.

Such hot talk, plus a warm little war and a cold-blooded assassination carried the six small nations of Central America into 1955 with characteristic gusto. In countless small but deadly revolutions, from the days of the smooth-bore musket through the time of the machine-gunning fighter plane, they have earned their unhappy renown as a sort of American Balkans-plus-volcanoes. Last week the area was smoking in much the way it did during the filibuster-filled past:

☐ Costa Rica (pop. 900,000) is a doughty little democracy that tries to get along without an army. But only seven years ago a bloody civil war killed 1,300 men, and last week citizen volunteers were signing up in schoolhouses to fight off the second serious invasion by exiles and adventurers since 1948 (see below).

☐ Nicaragua (pop. 1,200,000) is the more or less contented plantation of Dictator Somoza, who owns perhaps one-tenth of the country's best farm land. Somoza escaped a Costa Rica-born assassination plot just in time to provide airbases for the planes that won the anti-Communist revolution in Guatemala last June. He stood accused last week of trying to do as much for rebel Costa Ricans.

☐ Guatemala (pop. 3,100,000) has been buffeted, since last summer's successful revolution, by one attempted army revolt and an assortment of serious economic woes. At one time, President Carlos Castillo Armas was reported ready to help Somoza topple the Costa Rican regime, but he apparently changed his mind.

☐ Honduras (pop. 1,600,000), where the invaders of Guatemala gathered last spring, is a banana republic with too few bananas (because of storms). It is pulling back, under a dictator, from the brink of a revolution that threatened when no candidate got a majority in a three-way election (TIME, Dec. 20). Thus distracted, Honduras let some of last week's invaders of Costa Rica gather there and move on to Nicaragua.

☐ El Salvador (pop. 2,110,000), a stable little coffee grower, is neutral in favor of Figueres in the current uproar.

☐ Panama (pop. 880,000), after a couple of years of unprecedented stability under the lamented President José ("Chichi") Remón, is again providing notable political eruptions of its own (see below).



PANAMA

Appalling Accusation

At 2 in the morning, Panama's National Assembly met in its small, sweltering chamber and listened transfixed while a methodical clerk droned through long pages of sworn testimony. Most of the country's people, torn from sleep by the high drama, heard the evidence on their radios. When the clerk finished, Panamanians struggled to grasp an appalling accusa-

tion. According to the confessed trigger-man, the highest plotter in last fortnight's race-track assassination of President José Antonio ("Chichi") Remón was none other than José Ramón Guizado, Remón's Vice President and legally installed successor as President of Panama.

A chance lead provided by the young daughter of a Secret Police detective had cracked the murder plot. Her boy friend, she told her father, had smuggled back from Guatemala a submachine gun, of the type that killed Remón. Prosecuting Attorney Francisco Alvarado arrested the youth. The boy named Lawyer Rubén Miró, who had paid him \$150 for the weapon. Miró confessed that he had killed Remón and three of his friends who were having a post-race party in the presidential box (TIME, Jan. 17).

The Road to Riches. The lawyer's explanation was shocking and simple. He had run through his wife's fortune by heavy gambling losses. He needed money urgently, and he proposed to get it by the shortest and easiest road to riches: high government office.

He had gone to Guizado, he testified, and offered a deal: Miró would liquidate Remón, making Guizado President, if Guizado would promise Miró the key job of Minister of Government and Justice. There, by dispensing favors, Miró could grow wealthy. Guizado accepted, said Miró; the Vice President, a wealthy contractor, had recently suffered business reverses and needed to rebuild his own bankroll.

"I Am a Prisoner." Soon after Miró had finished his confession, steel-helmeted guardsmen ringed Guizado's hilltop house



EN-PRESIDENT GUIZADO
Dead end in the short road.

overlooking the capital. "I am under the impression that I am a prisoner," said the worried Guizado, talking on the telephone. Later, officially learning of the charges against him, he demanded a leave of absence, calling the accusation "senseless." Instead, the Assembly heard the testimony, impeached Guizado, and sent him to jail to await trial.

Before 8 in the morning, Vice President Ricardo (Dickie) Arias,* 42, had been sworn in, Panama's third President in 13 days. Although his first move was to name a tough brother of Chichi Remón to the all-important Ministry of Government and Justice, Dickie Arias faces dismaying political troubles. But his choice of sports, at least, was reassuring; a topflight golfer, he seldom goes to the races.

COSTA RICA

Invasion

The invasion of Costa Rica began in a matter of hours after President José Figueres had called upon the Organization of American States for help. Under a waning moon, a band of armed Costa Rican exiles landed before dawn from two planes at Villa Quesada (pop. 3,500), 40 miles from the Nicaraguan border. About the same time several hundred invaders, afoot or in small boats, moved into the cattle land on the Nicaraguan border near La Cruz. It was a daring challenge to the O.A.S., recognized peacekeeper of the Americas. But early this week, O.A.S. was resolutely measuring up.

O.A.S. first rushed a five-nation investigating team to Costa Rica. In San José, bank clerks and teachers pulled on volunteer reserve uniforms with panther-head shoulder patches; under command of the Minister of Public Works, they took off through the picture-book coffee country in trucks and jeeps. Stalking through Villa Quesada's shuttered streets, they retook the place, capturing 20 insurgents.

Raiders & Rebels. The air war also began with a light jab and counterpunch. A twin-engined fighter swept San José the day after the invasion, chipping up the sidewalks; nine other towns were strafed, but no one was injured. Lacking fighters of her own, Costa Rica mounted a machine gun in the cargo door of a commercial DC-3 and sent the transport lumbering into the air in futile pursuit.

In Managua, Teodoro Picado, the Costa Rican President that Figueres toppled in 1948 and since then the ward of Nicaragua's President Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza, readily admitted that the attackers were headed by his son Teodoro Jr., a 1951 graduate of West Point. It was an open secret that anti-Figueres expatriates had been training on Somoza's roomy estates for months. Geography indicated, moreover, that the air raiders came from



George Stoddard—Live

COSTA RICA'S FIGUERES
Machine guns pointed his way.

one of Nicaragua's bases. For the record, however, Somoza emphatically denied it.

Dishwashing & Diplomacy. Costa Rica went to war with zooming spirits to fight what Figueres called "the unhappy mercenaries from Nicaragua." Boy Scouts took over traffic direction to set the cops free, and the Civil Guard freely handed out Mausers and officers' commissions (instead of pay) to the volunteers. The President's U.S.-born wife Karen lent a hand with the dishwashing at the general staff headquarters mess, and President Figueres himself broadcast a heads-up message to the people: "We don't scare with the splattering of bullets."

To try to heal the breach of peace, the O.A.S. used energy, speed and a historic

new tool: armed observation planes supplied by the U.S. Navy from the Canal Zone. Sent on the sole authority of the U.S., such police planes would have been unthinkable Yankee intervention, but the O.A.S. as an international body was able with heightened prestige to accept the offer of Assistant Secretary of State Henry Holland, U.S. Latin American affairs chief. Flying over rebel territory, the investigation commission learned enough to dispose firmly of Somoza's claim that his country had nothing to do with the invasion. They reported that "a substantial part of the [rebel] war matériel was introduced over [Costa Rica's] northern border." Figueres leaped at the logical opening: If that were so, would the O.A.S. supply Costa Rica with weapons?

The investigators were considering the request when another event took the decision out of their hands. The rebels sent out a P-47 Thunderbolt that impudently buzzed an O.A.S. observer plane and went on to bomb and strafe the town of Liberia. At the same time, invaders' infantry and Figueres' volunteers met in a clash just north of Liberia. A few hours later, at 2 o'clock one morning this week, the council met again in emergency session and grimly voted to ask the U.S. to sell Costa Rica four P-51 Mustang fighters. That afternoon the planes were winging toward Costa Rica from Texas. Next problem for the O.A.S.: would that be enough to put out the fire?

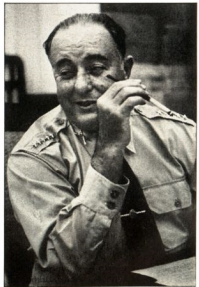
URUGUAY

Hands Across the River

The President-elect of Uruguay's National Council and the acting Foreign Minister of Argentina held a secret meeting on the last day of 1954 aboard a yacht anchored in the broad River Plate, which separates the two countries. Purpose: to discuss ways and means of lifting, or at least puncturing, the so-called "tin curtain" between democratic Uruguay and the Argentina of Strongman Juan Perón.

In pre-Perón days, the Plate was more a thoroughfare than a barrier; some 300,000 Argentines and Uruguayans traveled back and forth across the river each year. After Perón took power, Uruguay became a haven for Argentine exiles, and from the exiles issued a stream of manifestos and periodicals denouncing the strongman. In 1951 Perón & Co. retaliated by requiring a special police permit for travel to Uruguay. Traffic across the Plate dwindled almost to the zero point.

Both governments stood to gain by making the Plate a thoroughfare again, and after the election last November of Luis Batlle Berres (TIME, Dec. 13) as Uruguay's new Council President, both sides agreed to a mid-river meeting between Batlle Berres and Argentina's Interior Minister (and acting Foreign Minister) Angel Gabriel Borlenghi. Last week, as a result of that meeting, Argentina abolished the police permit for travel across the Plate, and on both sides of the river ferryboats promptly took aboard crowds of passengers.



George Silk—Live

NICARAGUA'S SOMOZA
Geography pointed his way.

* No kin to ex-President Arnulfo Arias, a bitter foe of Remón who was arrested immediately after the assassination and this week released (along with U.S. Citizen Martin Irving Lipstein, an innocent caught in the initial police roundup).

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

For Spain's dashing ex-Matador **Luis Miguel Dominguín**, 29, whose chief exploit since quitting the bull ring was his fervent pursuit of much-chased Cinematress **Ava (The Barefoot Contessa) Gardner**, it meant restoration to fame and fortune in one phenomenally fell stroke. News raced across Spain that Dominguín had won *El Gordo* ("the fat one"), the \$1,125,000 first prize in the nation's biggest lottery of the year. To the press, Dominguín grandly announced that a million pesetas would go to the poor orphan lad who had pulled the fat one from the ticket basket. Sentimental Spaniards were deeply touched by this generous gesture. But they were even more deeply moved next day, when it became obvious that Luis Miguel had been dreaming out loud; he had not won so much as a céntimo in the lottery. Nobody seemed to know just how the phony story of his great luck had originated, but Spain's press had strong suspicions that Dominguín was ravenous for the sort of glorious acclaim he once got by cleanly killing bulls.

In a Chicago bank building, Lawyer **Adlai Stevenson** was found poring over a law book on his first day in a fancy new office. Diligently working now on several cases, Stevenson waved his hand around the big room and explained: "I've got to pay for this conspicuous poverty." His next date with politics: indefinite.

Debonair in a silk scarf and herringbone topcoat, and practically not fading at all, **General Douglas MacArthur**, who will be 75 this month, left his 37th-floor apartment in Manhattan's Waldorf Tow-

ers to commute by limousine to his job in suburban Connecticut. As Remington Rand Inc.'s \$68,600-a-year board chairman, MacArthur makes two or three such trips a week. In his fourth year of retirement as a soldier, he is seldom seen, presumably spends much time in the towers with his family and his memories.

Miami Beach's tensely anxious Sans Souci Hotel readied the full treatment for its imminent guests, the touring **Shah of Iran** and his luscious **Queen Soraya**. The protocol section of the U.S. State Department was also concerned: it wanted to restrain the overzealous hotel from whipping up the Shah's visit into a lather of commercialized hullabaloo. The Sans Souci insouciantly proceeded to run a red carpet from its lobby to the street, re-decorate a 16-room wing as the imperial suite, paint the Shah's coat of arms on every royal door in sight. Hardheaded U.S. Marine Corps Commandant **Lemuel Shepherd Jr.** declined the hotel's request to supply ammunition to a local Marine artillery battery for a 21-gun salute (it was no state visit). Then the harassed protocol men asked the Navy for help. The Navy designated a Miami-docked destroyer to boom the salute, but the ship's captain discovered that he had no blank ammunition for his five-inchers.

When the royal couple at last winged in from Sun Valley on a U.S. military transport plane, they were whisked to the Sans Souci in the Shah's \$23,000 robin's-egg blue Rolls-Royce. As the Shah's personal colors and the Iranian flag were pompously run up above the hotel, the Navy destroyer, some ten miles beyond the Shah's earshot, popped off 21 of the small Y-gun cartridges ordinarily used to flip deck charges overboard. The explosions reverberated across the bay like slightly damp cherry bombs. The Shah and Soraya dodged through a mob of some 3,000, and gained the lobby. A hotel pressagent, motioning officiously, shouted: "Your Majesty, are Your Majesty and Her Majesty ready now?"

That night, as the Shah slept more soundly than the unhappy State Department men, the protocol-smashing Sans Souci was planning a new surprise for His Majesty. It was a special improvisation by the hotel's dancing teacher: the rug-cutting "Shah Mambo."

In a jet flight off the Southern California coast, **Vice Admiral Harold M. Martin**, 58, commander of the Pacific Fleet's air forces, became the Navy's fastest brass. Soon after climbing into a North American TF-86 with a test pilot, crag-faced "Beauty" Martin took over the controls, zipped through the sonic barrier at a 40,000-ft. altitude, hung up a red-hot speed record for admirals: 800 m.p.h.

At Manhattan's Hotel Pierre, former Metropolitan Opera Soprano **Marguerite Piazza** gave the supper-club customers



RAGTIMER PIAZZA

United Press
Titillating but respectable.

"a full-course dinner" of singing—from the *Un Bel Di* aria in Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* to the raucously wild Dixieland of *When the Saints Go Marching In*. But the highlight of her act was a titillating—though respectable—costume change in midstage (it was done in a shoulder-height brocade enclosure). Shapely Marguerite switched from a flouncy gown to a skintight outfit with a slit skirt, then shook a pretty leg while a derby-topped quintet blared out in ragtime.

In Paris, famed Dressmaker **Christian ("the Flat Look") Dior** uttered some of the startling pronouncements that annually foreshadow the showing of his new spring fashions. After chiding American women for being "too well groomed," he warned all women to beware of exposing certain portions of their anatomy. Of bones: "Never a pretty sight." Of elbows: "Sleeves should stop above or below them, but never just at them. Of knees: "The ugliest spot in a woman's anatomy . . . should never be shown."

At his hospital camp in the village of Lambarené in French Equatorial Africa, bells greeted **Dr. Albert Schweitzer** as he came to the door of his hut one morning to find some 500 people singing and bearing flowers for him. It was his 80th birthday. All over the world, as the day passed, celebrations and ceremonies honored the famed medical missionary, winner of the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize, who left Europe in 1905 to tend the bodies and souls of African natives. More than \$20,000 in contributions rolled in from the U.S. alone. But Albert Schweitzer felt his years; he could not even find strength to broadcast a birthday message to Europe. "How I regret all this fuss," he murmured. "How tired I am."



Associated Press
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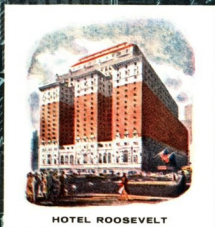


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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

Three NBC shows last week had to get out of town. The migratory programs were *Today*, *Home* and *Tonight*. The stimulus to move was provided by NBC President Sylvester ("Pat") Weaver, who thinks that the TV tendency to originate everything from Manhattan or Hollywood may eventually get the industry in a rut. At Weaver's orders *Today* and *Tonight* took off for Miami Beach where their prize funnyman, Dave Garroway and Steve Allen, working in the open air, shivered on the TV screens in Florida's "unseasonable weather." *Home*, after a stopover in Chicago, took Arlene Francis and her pots and pans on to San Francisco. Next in line for trips to the hinterland: some of Weaver's 1½-hour color spectacles.

Innocent Guinea Pig. Things were again stirring excitingly on the drama front. NBC's *Producers' Showcase* went all-out with a 90-minute color production of the 1934 Broadway play *Yellow Jack* by Sidney Howard. In the dramatized account of the U.S. Army's conquest of yellow fever in Cuba, Lorne Greene was convincing as Major Walter Reed, Dane Clark packed considerable power into the role of Dr. Lazer, and Jackie Cooper, stuffed with brogue, blarney and bluster, was effective as O'Hara. Wally Cox wittily handled his small part as the soldier who becomes an innocent guinea pig for the medicos. Unfortunately the play itself had a tendency to drag between high moments and a habit of making its points over and over again.

NBC's *Kraft TV Theater* supplied the week's dramatic surprise with a play called *Patterns*, by Rod Serling. A many-sided study of top-level stress in a big corporation, the play had areas of strength and persuasiveness that made *Executive Suite* look like *Little Women*. The plot dealt with the arrival at the multimillion-dollar Ramsey & Co. of Richard Kiley, a young Midwest engineer who was being groomed to replace Ed Begley, veteran vice president. The sun around which both revolved was Bossman Everett Sloane, a tough, intelligent operator who handled power as if it were his own invention. The drama lay in the meteoric but uneasy rise of the young engineer and the spent-rocket fall of the aging vice president, and their agonizing appraisals of each other as they passed in the cold reaches of executive space.

Low-Echelon Job. Producer-Director Fielder Cook gave *Patterns* just the proper elaboration of office gossip, politics and detail and, as often happens in a soundly built play, all the actors turned in superlative jobs. Top honors went to chunky Ed Begley, one of TV's most valuable utility actors, who brought to his role of a businessman hagridden both by his boss and his ulcer a fine pitch of stubborn and despairing dignity.

At 30, Writer Rod Serling is another



Ed BEGLEY
Hot rock v. cold rocket.

of TV's homegrown dramatists. An ex-paratrooper and amateur boxer, Serling had corporate experience only in a stint with Crosley Corp. in a low-echelon job. After World War II, Serling wrote his own local dramatic show for Cincinnati's station WKRC-TV. Last year, after selling 20-odd scripts to *Kraft*, *Studio One*, *Danger* and *Lux Video Theater*, he moved to Connecticut where he is now working on a drama for the *U.S. Steel Hour*. Says Serling: "I'm one of the few TV writers who doesn't hope eventually to write plays, films or novels. I like TV fine, and I'll have it as long as it'll have me."



"YELLOW JACK"—WITH JACKIE COOPER (ON SICKBED)
Stuffed with brogue, blarney and bluster.

At week's end, NBC scored again with the Max Liebman production of that tenuous old light opera, Victor Herbert's *Nanghi Marietta*, beautifully sung by Alfred Drake and Patrice Munsel and with dances of a fine Latin fervor devised by Choreographer Rod Alexander. CBS celebrated Jackie Gleason's return to the air after a two-week vacation with one of the funniest *Honeymooners* scripts of the season. Gleason, Art Carney and their TV wives (Audrey Meadows, Joyce Randolph) gave it a bang-up performance, but the chief credit for remaining always a comic step ahead of the audience goes to Gleason's writers: Marvin Marx, Walter Stone and A. J. Russell.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Jan. 19. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). *Monsters of the Deep*.

The Millionaire (Wed. 9 p.m., CBS). A new dramatic series.

Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Sugar Ray Robinson v. Ralph ("Tiger") Jones. **Lux Video Theater** (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). Diana Lynn in *Love Letters*.

NBC Opera Theater (Sun. 2 p.m., NBC). Puccini's *Tosca*, with Price, Pelleri.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). With Gloria Vanderbilt, Franchot Tone.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). Verdi's *Masked Ball*, with Peters, Milanov, Tucker.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Music of Beethoven, Barbi, Debussy, Rossini.

Tribute to Gertrude Lawrence (Sun. 7 p.m., NBC). With Bea Lillie, Oscar Hammerstein II, Mary Margaret McBride.

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New Tire Cord Treating
Process That Makes...**

Firestone TIRES

**Safer... Stronger...
Run Much Longer**

JUST a few weeks ago, a historic event, of vital importance to every car owner in America, took place in Gastonia, North Carolina. There, at the Firestone Textile Plant, a huge electronically-controlled machine, as high as a five-story building and nearly three times as long, began turning out the finest, strongest, safest tire cord ever conceived by the minds of men.

Away back in 1920, Firestone introduced a process called "Gum-Dipping," by which the cotton cords, then used in tires, were impregnated and saturated with liquid rubber, which insulated the individual cords against heat and friction, made them adhere more firmly together

and increased adhesion between the plies and the tread. For more than a quarter of a century, only Firestone gave car owners this extra protection against blowouts and separation.

When rayon and nylon came into use as tire cord materials, Firestone had a backlog of 30 years of experience in Gum-Dipping and Firestone Tires with rayon and nylon cord bodies quickly proved to be safer, stronger and free from most of the troubles and failures which plagued other tire makers.

Firestone scientists, engineers and technicians discovered many years ago that rayon and nylon cords expanded or "grew" when they became hot from fast

driving. They developed a way to take the stretch out of rayon and nylon by Gum-Dipping the cords and applying controlled tension at precise temperatures for a constant period of time, thereby locking the cords and giving them a permanent "set." This process eliminates the principal causes of tread cracking and ply separation.

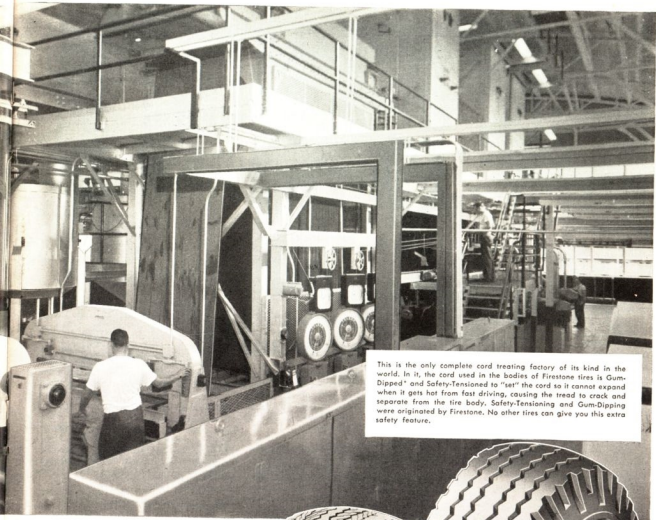
Until recently, these operations were performed by separate machines, a costly and time-consuming system. Now, with the big new unit at Gastonia, Safety Tensioning and Gum-Dipping are performed as a continuous process making mass production possible and assuring uniform quality. As a result,



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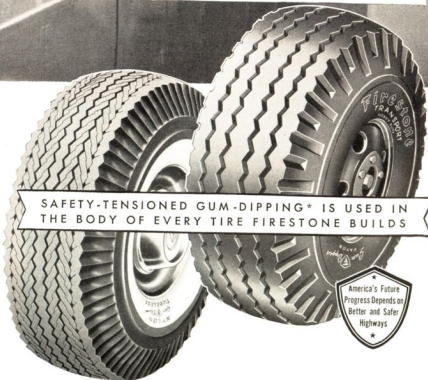


This is the only complete cord treating factory of its kind in the world. In it, the cord used in the bodies of Firestone tires is Gum-Dipped* and Safety-Tensioned to "set" the cord so it cannot expand when it gets hot from fast driving, causing the tread to crack and separate from the tire body. Safety-Tensioning and Gum-Dipping were originated by Firestone. No other tires can give you this extra safety feature.

Firestone today remains as far ahead in treating the cord used in the bodies of its tires as it was back in 1920 when it introduced Gum-Dipping. And that is what makes the Firestone Tires you buy today for passenger cars, trucks and farm equipment safer, stronger, run much longer.

Firestone Tires are the only tires made which give you the extra quality and extra value of Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped* cord bodies. That is a vitally important fact which you should remember the next time you buy tires. Get Firestone Tires, the safest tires that money can buy, at your nearby Firestone dealer or store.

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RELIGION

The Rambam

"From Moses to Moses there has been no man like Moses," said Israel's President Itzhak Ben-Zvi, and the audience assembled in Jerusalem's Rav Kook Institute one day last week recognized the old Jewish saying. They had assembled to honor the second Moses, the great philosopher Maimonides, who brought the Law and tradition of Judaism within the compass of Western thought. Around the walls of the institute were some 3,000 old and battered volumes, stained from centuries of diligent study. The exhibition of his work was the first of many celebrations of Maimonides Year—the 750th anniversary of his death.

The Jewish Creed. Moses Ben-Maimon, often referred to as "the Rambam" (from his title of rabbi plus the initials of his name), was only in his teens when persecution drove his family from their native Spanish city of Cordova to Morocco, and thence to Egypt, where his father died. In old Cairo, young Maimonides became a physician, a profession in which he achieved such great eminence (his works on hygiene, asthma and sex were remarkably ahead of his time) that he eventually became personal doctor to the court of Sultan Saladin. But philosophy was Maimonides' greatest love, and his voluminous writings, almost all in Arabic, spread his fame through Europe and Africa, as well as the Middle East.

Maimonides' two greatest works are the *Mishneh Torah* (The Second Torah), completed in 1180, and the *Moreh Nebuchim* (Guide to the Perplexed), which he finished ten years later. The *Mishneh Torah* organized the entire body of Jewish Law into one code. In the commentary on the *Mishneh* is Maimonides' most widely known production—the 13 articles of faith, which most subsequent rabbinic opinion has held every Jew must accept: 1) God's existence, 2) His unity, 3) His incorporeality, 4) His timelessness, 5) His approachability through prayer, 6) the validity of prophecy, 7) the superiority of Moses to all prophets, 8) the divine origin of the Law as revealed to Moses in the Pentateuch, 9) the immutability of the Law, 10) God's omniscience, 11) God's justice, 12) the coming of the Messiah, 13) the resurrection and human immortality.

Foundation of Foundations. The *Guide to the Perplexed* applied Aristotelian philosophy to Judaism, as Aquinas applied it to Christianity. Maimonides' interlocking of Aristotelian metaphysics with the ethical and personal religion of the Old Testament is one of the great philosophical achievements of the Middle Ages.

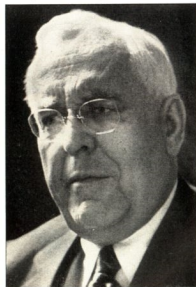
"Some of the Rambam's scientific theories, particularly where he leans on Aristotle, may be outdated," said Chief Rabbi Herzog at last week's ceremonies in Jerusalem. "But where he draws from his own spirit he remains the giant, unsurpassed since his own lifetime. Let us hope and



Hutchinson Co., London, from Bettman Archive
MAIMONIDES
Moses via Aristotle.

pray that a second Rambam will rise up in our times . . . to guide the perplexed of our own people and of the entire world." Rabbi Herzog glanced upward to an inscription on the wall above him from the *Mishneh Torah*:

Foundation of foundations and firmest pillar of all wisdom is to know that there is a First Being, that He caused all beings to be and that all beings from heaven and earth and from between them could not be saved but for the truth of His own being.



MISSOURI'S BISHOP HOLT
Union via autonomy.

Protestants & Mary

What do Protestant ministers think about the Virgin Mary? Father Kenneth Dougherty of Washington's Franciscan Friars of the Atonement sent a questionnaire to 270 ministers of 17 denominations in 29 states and the District of Columbia. Last week he discussed the 100 replies.

In answer to the question "Do you believe that Mary is the mother of God?" 64% of the ministers said no, 21% said yes, and 15% answered that they were uncertain. Among the larger denominations, most nearly united in favor of the doctrine were the Episcopalians, least the Presbyterians, who were unanimously against it.

Asked why they thought as they did, ministers most commonly cited their opinion that Roman Catholics "divinize" Mary. This, says Father Dougherty, is a "product of gross misunderstanding." The church, he points out, distinguishes between *latria* (the adoration due only to God) and *dulia* (the reverence appropriate to some creatures). Second commonest reason for Protestant dissent was the belief that Mary was mother of Christ the man, not Christ the God.

In discussing his survey before the Mariological Society of America, Father Dougherty spoke warmly of the Protestant minority who believe that Mary was in fact the mother of God. "These children of Mary are in truth amongst a strange company in the sects. There are signs of intensified protests against Our Lady evoked by controversialists . . . It may happen that these controversies may be a way of light for the defenders of Mary in the sects, a way back to the church of her Son."

Blueprint for Unity

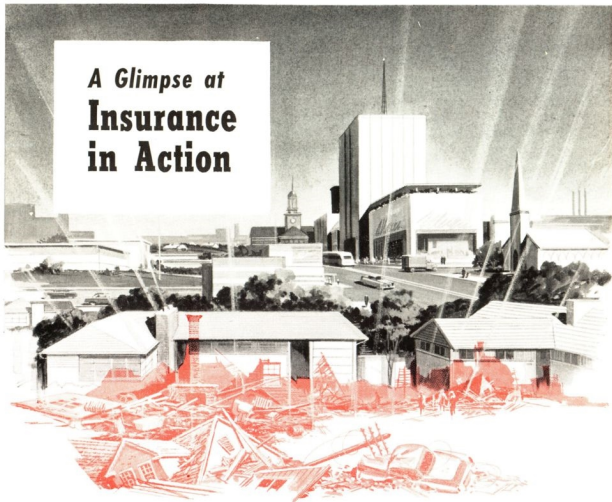
Church union is a little like Heaven; not everybody who talks about it is necessarily going there. But many people, not content with pious hopes and careful phrases, are working for real, organic unity among Protestant churches—in which a minister or member of one church is minister or member of all.

Among the hardest-working proponents of unity in the U.S. is a body of clergy and laymen from nine denominations called the Conference on Church Union. Anchor man of the conference is Missouri's Methodist Bishop Ivan Lee Holt, 69, head of a commission that has been working for more than five years on a plan for organic unity of the nine conference denominations. Last week Bishop Holt gave the press an "unofficial" look at the plan.

The main problem, Dr. Holt explained, is to bring into one body* three types of churches—congregational, presbyterian and episcopal—which already recognize one another's ministries and sacraments but are accustomed to operate under

* The United Church of Canada was formed in 1925, merging the Methodists, Congregationalists and some Presbyterians.

A Glimpse at Insurance in Action



WHEN WINDSTORMS, explosions or other disasters cause widespread destruction to a community, trained adjusters of the capital stock insurance companies move into the stricken areas.

According to plans made in anticipation of such disasters, catastrophe offices are set up and operating in a matter of hours. Urgently needed information and comforting advice on what to do about claims and damaged

property are communicated over the radio and in newspapers to dazed and troubled people. Local insurance agents work night and day processing claims.

Thus, through careful planning and foresight, the capital stock insurance companies and their agents go into action immediately in the wake of destruction—to bring peace of mind and to provide promptly the ability for building anew.



For the name of a nearby America Fore agent call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.



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somewhat different forms of organization. Highlights of the conference plan:

Under the general name "United Church of Christ," each member church would have complete local autonomy to conduct its own affairs, decide on its form of worship and method of administering the sacraments. If a local church owns property, it may retain it. If held in trust, the property could be transferred to the United Church of Christ.

¶ Ministers would be ordained into "the Church Universal," and called or assigned to churches in their own category.

¶ Ten or more local churches would form a "presbytery;" three or more presbyteries would make a "conference," headed by a Bishop. A supreme body, the "General Conference," consisting of about 1,000 ministerial and lay delegates, would meet biennially.

Bishop Holt's current job is to get the plan into the hands of influential members of the participating denominations with hope of a "convocation" to consider it one year from now. But greying Methodist Holt, who has been "plugging and praying" for organic unity since 1910, is far from overoptimistic about the chances of early success. "Union is bound to come," he said last week. "It is tragic that so many fail to see it."

"What about Christ?"

Not for years have Britons boiled and bubbled in a religious controversy as they did last week over the affair of Mrs. Knight.

Margaret Knight, fortyish, wife of a psychology professor at Aberdeen University and herself a part-time lecturer on the subject, had asked the BBC if she might broadcast her views on what she called "scientific humanism." The BBC duly scheduled her for three talks on its Home Service. Her subject: "Morals Without Religion." Mrs. Knight's first broadcast drew some criticism. Her second lifted the roof of Broadcasting House.

Neither Nymph nor Virgin. Soft-voiced, school-marmish Margaret Knight, who has no children of her own, undertook to advise "humanist parents" what to tell their offspring about God. "We can tell them," she said, "that everyone believed at one time, and some people believe now, that there are two great powers in the world: a good power called God, who made the world and who loves human beings. . . and a bad power called the Devil, who is opposed to God and who wants people to be unhappy and bad. We can tell them that some people still believe this, but that most people now think there's not really a Devil. . ."

"And we can tell them that some people now don't think there's really a God any more than there's really a Santa Claus, though we often like to talk as though there was."

"What about Christ? I don't think that it would be desirable for children to grow up in ignorance of the New Testament. We don't want a generation who don't know what Christmas and Easter mean, who have never heard of the star of Beth-

lehem or the angel at the door of the tomb. . . All I urge is that [the child] should hear them treated frankly as legends. . . There was a real Trojan War and Hector and Achilles may well have been real people, but we don't now believe Achilles was the son of sea nymphs. Similarly, there was a real Jesus Christ who. . . was crucified. But we don't now believe that he was the son of God and a virgin or that he rose from the dead."

Bossy Female. Although some of Britain's most eminent newspaper editorialists started swinging at Mrs. Knight, philosophers, including Bertrand Russell, have been saying the same things for years. Clergymen and letter-to-the-editor writers soon joined in. The issue: Should the government-owned BBC have given Humanist Knight the air?

The conservative *Daily Telegraph* snorted at the idea that a question of free



LECTURER KNIGHT
Is God like Santa Claus?

speech was involved. Atheistic views, it held, are no more entitled to broadcast time than a defense of polygamy, homosexuality, or Communism. The conservative *Daily Mail* did not agree. "Christianity is not so weak a faith that its adherents should run screaming from those who attack it," proclaimed the *Mail* on its front page. "Mrs. Knight has perhaps shocked a number of people into thinking for themselves." The liberal *Star* came out against the BBC; the conservative *Standard* and *News* both defended public airing of Mrs. Knight's views. The "panic" over Mrs. Knight, said the *Laborite Daily Herald*, is "an insult to public intelligence."

The Church of England's Archbishop of York dismissed Mrs. Knight's views as "the stock in trade of atheists and agnostics for at least two centuries," and the Bishop of Coventry rounded on both BBC ("irresponsible") and Mrs. Knight (a "pernicious performance" by a "brusque, so-competent, bossy female"). The Rev.

Dr. Donald Soper, fire-eating Methodist leader, went to her defense. "The alternative to such discussion is to mollycoddle religion. . . As Christians we should welcome the opportunity for examination of the fundamentals of our faith. . ."

With all the clipped detachment it could muster, the BBC announced that Mrs. Knight's third talk this week would be a debate with a partisan of religion, Mrs. Jenny Morton—ex-ministry, clergyman's wife and mother of four. "I'm not angry," said Mrs. Morton. "Mrs. Knight's attitude is rather out-of-date."

God v. Grab Bag

A lot of intellectuals are turning religious, but they are not necessarily turning to God, says Harvard's Philosophy Professor Morton White in the current *Confluence* (an international quarterly published by Harvard). Most do not believe "the simple, old-fashioned declarative statement of theology, God exists," but merely that "one ought, or that it is good to be religious." This shift from theological arguments about God's existence to arguments merely about the usefulness of being religious, continues White, "is the history of the philosophy of religion in our time. . ."

"The answers to the question, 'What is religion?' have come trippingly in the 20th century. It is a species of poetry (Santayana); it is a variety of shared experiences (Dewey); it is ethical culture; it is insight into man's nature. (The last is the view of the group that might be called 'Atheists for Niebuhr')." All these views, says White, have one thing in common: the desire "to avoid identifying religion with any claim to knowledge that might have to run the gauntlet of scientific test." Most contemporary thinkers want "to make religion fill the void created by the dissolving effects of science, both physical, as at Hiroshima, and spiritual. This has been the outcome of the 19th century's hot war between science and religion. It has ended in an uncomfortable cease-fire, and in the creation of a line that would separate knowledge from all other human activities. Religion has too often agreed to accept the role of a nonscientific spiritual grab bag. . . while science has promised to give up its control over feeling and will."

But religion either as an abstract or a grab bag is not true religion. "If we ask it at all, we should not ask abstractly. 'Should I be religious?' but rather 'Should I be a Jew?' or 'Should I be a Roman Catholic?' or 'Should I be a Protestant?'"

Therefore, the widespread suggestion to teach some kind of interdenominational religion in schools strikes Philosopher White as nonsensical. "Any educational effort to nourish religious feeling by trying to present an abstract essence of religion must fail. . . [We should] become frankly sectarian. . . and therefore limit higher religious instruction to the divinity schools which are properly devoted to the study and the propagation of specific religions conceived as total ways of life, knowledge, emotion and action."

SCIENCE

Inhabited Missile

Aircraft designers look forward to the day when all interceptors will be "uninhabited"—i.e., rise without pilots to guide them and attack invading bombers by remote electronic control. Presumably, such interceptors will be launched like rockets and so will not need runways to get into the air. Interceptors inhabited by pilots are still in fashion, but last week the Air Force demonstrated at Edwards Air Force Base (see cut) that they can be launched like rockets without benefit of runway. This is considered important in cases where advance bases are lacking or have been destroyed by the enemy.

The trick is done with a massive trailer that the Air Force calls a "zero length launcher." Normally used to launch Martin Matador guided missiles, the trailer has folding steel arms that slant the missile upward so its powerful rocket motors can skim it into the air. The same apparatus, only slightly modified, has been found to work with full-size, inhabited jet planes.

For the trailer take-off, an F-84 Thunderjet is equipped with a big "booster bottle" (solid propellant rocket) fixed under its tail. The plane is placed on the trailer and the pilot climbs aboard and buttons himself in. The trailer's arms unfold and tilt the nose upward. Then the pilot starts the jet engine. When it is turning at full power, an enormous flame and a cloud of smoke spurt out of the booster bottle. In a few seconds the plane is airborne. The exhausted rocket drops off, and the pilot proceeds. His sudden departure resembles a scene from a space-flight movie, and the ground around the launcher is overcast with smoke, but at no time does the pilot experience more than a moderate four "Gs" of acceleration.

The Cozy Eskimo

How does an Eskimo keep himself warm? Arctic Expert Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in *Natural History*, explains: he fits his jacket tight around his neck and wears nothing but pants underneath. Dressed in clothing that follows this plan, an Eskimo is comfortable at 40° below. A Minnesotan, who wears three times as much clothing, says Stefansson, is rarely happy outdoors at this temperature.

The reason for the Eskimo's comfort in below-zero weather is that his clothes are not built on the European principle of insulating the body with many layers of cloth fitting close to the skin. Eskimo clothes are designed to capture and hold warm air. The loose fur trousers fit snugly over the boots. No cold air can rise up the legs to replace air that has been warmed by the body. Over the trousers the Eskimo wears a windtight fur parka with the skin side outside and no opening in front. It has a hood and it fits closely around his neck. Nearly all the air that has been



THUNDERJET'S ROCKET-LAUNCHING
Look, no wheels.

International

warmed by his body stays where it was warmed.

When the Eskimo feels too warm, as he frequently does even in very cold weather, he loosens his parka at the chin and lets some of his bubble of warmth escape. If he has to sit out a blizzard in the open, he pulls his arms out of the sleeves and folds them across his naked chest as additional heat-generators. He wears no underclothes, of course. They are not necessary, says Stefansson, and about all they do is add weight and collect moisture.

For the white man's clothing Stefansson has little admiration. It is too thick, he says, and it lets warm air escape both through its permeable material and through the neck and other apertures. It often gets saturated with moisture that

stiffens into ice. The Eskimo's body moisture is mostly carried away by the small amount of air seeping up around his face.

Stefansson does not know how the Eskimos discovered the principle of warm-air capture, but he is sure they could not live in the Arctic without it. Their houses, whether of snow or earth, are built on the same principle. Their winter entrances slant upward, emerging through the floor. Air warmed by human bodies cannot escape, so it collects cozily under the thick, domed roof. Even when Arctic blizzards are blowing overhead, the body-heated igloo often keeps so warm that the Eskimos snug inside need wear no clothes at all.

The Guiding Stars

The maiden flight of the D-2 was made last week at Mather Air Force Base, Calif. Six skilled air navigators went through all the problems and perplexities of a mission in a jet bomber over the North Pole. They struggled with veering winds, lack of landmarks, and the odd behavior of magnetism and celestial bodies in the polar regions. All this they did without leaving a windowless concrete building that contains a reasonable facsimile of the starry firmament on high.

The new D-2 High-Speed High-Latitude Celestial-Navigation Trainer was specially designed by Link Aviation Inc. to simulate the flights of jet bombers over the arctic, where the magnetic compass is practically useless and the sun often out of sight.

Inside the building, which is roughly cubical and 61 ft. long, is a three-quarter sphere made of a spidery crisscross of thin-walled steel lined with wire mesh. The whole thing, 30 ft. in diameter, is mounted so that it can be tilted 65° in any direction. It can also revolve, and a platform poking up to its center can revolve independently.

Off for Greenland. On the inside surface of the sphere are 507 tiny lights that simulate all the conspicuous stars in



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the sky. Even the colors of the most important stars are matched by means of filters. When the student of air navigation stands on the little platform, he sees overhead with almost frightening realism the enigmatic points of light that will be expected to lead him in wartime around a blacked-out world. For daytime flights the stars are extinguished, and a single light plays the part of the sun.

Each student navigator sits in a booth below the starry sphere. Above his desk are instruments that tell the air speed, altitude, gyrocompass reading and other flight data about the airplane he is supposed to be navigating.

The instructor sitting at his control console decides where the mission shall start. By setting the apparatus, he can fly the desk-bound students anywhere he pleases in the northern hemisphere. As the simulated bomber heads for Alaska, Petropavlovsk or Greenland, the chicken-wire dome with its pinpoint stars wheels and tilts slowly just as the real stars would seem to do from the observation window of a real bomber.

The student knows his take-off point. He knows where his ship is supposed to go, and roughly how fast and in what direction it is flying. His job is to find out, by observation, where it really is. Such factors as wind and misbehavior of the gyrocompass can make the ship wander far off its course.

Sun on the Arctic. At the instructor's command, each student climbs the spiral stair that leads to the platform inside the dome. He glances up at the simulated stars and selects the ones he thinks will guide him best. He observes their position with a sextant, just as he would on a real airplane, and hurries back to his desk to figure out his position over the Canadian tundra or the frozen Polar Sea.

The D-2's flight last week was an unusually tough one. Captain Warren Harris, chief instructor, announced that it would start from Norway, fly to Greenland, then fly near the North Pole to drop supplies for an aircraft downed on the arctic ice. This was to be done in daylight and at a time of year when the sun is always showing in the polar sky. Navigators much prefer the night when the stars are visible. A "three-star fix" tells them much more about their position than the sun alone can do.

To make the job even harder, Captain Harris kept throwing unscheduled troubles at the students. He changed the wind, the air temperature, the air speed of their airplane. All went fairly well until the flight was near the North Pole. Then all the skilled navigators got thoroughly lost. Investigation showed that the machine had not been set to make the wind have the proper effect on the motion of the airplane. The experienced navigators had compensated for the wind; the inexperienced machine had not. Result: the plane had blown far off its course. Such kinks will be eliminated, says Captain Harris, by the time the regular student-navigators try their simulated wings over the North Pole.

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EDUCATION

Report Card

¶ After a spot poll of teachers, the High School Teachers Association of New York City had some telling things to report about today's pupils. Of the 1,495 New York City high-school teachers replying, 706 ("the overwhelming preponderance") rated their students' reading ability as poor, 681 said that students have little "realization that rewards or advancement must be earned," and 680 said that students have little "feeling of responsibility." To the association, however, perhaps the most important question was: "Have you found it necessary to lower standards?" The answers: 110 "little," 178 "medium" and 653 "much."

¶ The Atomic Energy Commission announced that beginning next September, 103 Negro children of the atomic city of Oak Ridge would attend junior and senior high schools along with 2,600 whites. Thus Oak Ridge will become the first town in all of Tennessee to find out what desegregated schools are.

¶ In Mound Bayou, Miss., Negro Physician T. R. M. Howard announced a fund-raising campaign for a special purpose: to help out any Negro who suffers economic pressure at the hands of the segregationist white Citizens Councils.

¶ The Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune* got indignant over the things some of the county's teachers are doing to make ends meet. For an extra \$12 a day, two principals are working for the state as judge and chief inspector at the Tampa greyhound race track; another teacher gets \$9 a day from the state at the track as assistant auditor. The track itself is employing five more principals and two more teachers for such jobs as bet-taker and gatekeeper. Thundered the indignant *Tribune*: "In their private lives, they [principals and teachers] must conduct themselves so as to set an example for youth. A race track is essentially a gambling place. . . . Some tracks in the past have fallen under control of known racketeers and their associates." Retorted the Hillsborough County Classroom Teachers Association: "Because of the salary level of the teaching profession, it is necessary for many school employees to seek other lines of employment."

¶ Bryant Bowles, head of the Negro-baiting National Association for the Advancement of White People, announced that he would settle down at the scene of his greatest triumph: Milford, Del. Thereupon, he 1) was accepted as a member in the local P.T.A., 2) rented the Milford American Legion hall for a public meeting, 3) launched a fund-raising drive for the N.A.A.W.P., and 4) began collecting signatures for a petition to oust three officials who have not been displaying the proper N.A.A.W.P. attitude: State Superintendent of Public Instruction George R. Miller Jr., Milford Superintendent Ramon C. Cobbs and M. A. Glasmore, principal of the Milford high school.

Help from U.S. Industry

Since the end of World War II, harassed college and university presidents have been continuously sounding the alarm. "No matter where we start," said Yale's Whitney Griswold, "every spoke of the wheel leads to the hub: the need for new capital." Nearly half the nation's private colleges are running in the red. The Commission on Financing Higher Education announced in 1952 that U.S. campuses will need at least \$3,570,000,000 before 1960 for plant construction alone, and the American Council on Education reported that it will take \$5,500,000,000 merely to house the estimated jump in enrollments by 1970. Where was that sort of money to come from? By



WILLIAM VANDIVERT
G.M.'S CURCIZE
Hubcapper.

this week—with the announcement of a \$2,000,000-a-year gift program by General Motors—one thing had become clear: U.S. industry was well started on a program to give help to U.S. colleges and universities—and therefore to help itself.

Ford to G.E. Until the crisis became so acute, most companies were satisfied with a restricted sort of giving. They financed a few scholarships and professorships, a set of research projects related to their own work. Some feared that to do more would bring howls of protest from stockholders; others wondered frankly about their legal right to give. Gradually, under the prodding of such men as Alfred P. Sloan Jr., Irving S. Olds, Laird Bell and Frank Abrams, U.S. businessmen began to realize that 1) higher education is industry's best hope for talent, and 2) industry is higher education's best hope for funds.

In the past few years, U.S. business has set up a whole series of plans for

giving. In 1951 the Ford Motor Co. announced a program that is now not only financing about 70 scholarships a year for the sons and daughters of its employees, but also giving \$500 annually to each private college or university the students happen to choose. The Gulf, Mobile & Ohio Railroad has given more than \$185,000 since 1951 to private colleges along its route. Du Pont, a longtime giver, now pours \$2,500 grants into the chemistry departments of 50 different campuses, expects to give in various ways \$800,000 this year. The Radio Corp. of America will pay for 26 scholarships (at \$800) this year, and last year Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) spread \$450,000 over 138 campuses plus \$50,000 for the National Fund for Medical Education. Union Carbide's plan: \$50,000 for 400 scholarships to more than 30 colleges.

Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), which gave more than \$350,000 in 1954, matches its scholarships with equal gifts to each campus. U.S. Steel last year gave \$700,000 in unrestricted gifts with the hope that "the institutions find their own individual means of using a portion of each grant for faculty development and compensation." Since 1953 Bethlehem Steel has given \$321,000 to the colleges—if privately endowed—of young employees who have completed the company's tough collegiate training program. The Columbia Broadcasting System is giving \$32,000 to the alma maters of its own selected executives, and General Electric has promised to match every employee's gift to his college up to \$1,000. The amount G.E. will spend in 1955 on all types of grants to education: "substantially more" than \$1,000,000.

G.E. to G.M. Of all the plans in effect so far, none is more comprehensive—or more generous—than the program announced this week by General Motors. To the \$2,500,000 it already spends annually on special training, fellowships and research, G.M. intends to add \$2,000,000 more. Provisions of the new plan:

¶ For the various accredited private institutions that have 20 or more graduates at G.M., and to a number of public institutions with a "substantial" number of alumni, the company will provide 250 four-year scholarships each year, will add a \$500 to \$800 grant to each private college involved. The colleges and universities will pick their own students, but no one campus will get more than five scholarships in any one year.

¶ Under a "National Plan," G.M. will award 100 four-year scholarships a year to the graduates of private and public secondary schools in the U.S., Alaska and Hawaii. To get a scholarship, each student must take a competitive examination given by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J., must then pass review by a special panel of educators. Each private college and university picked by the students will also get the additional \$500 to \$800 grant.

¶ Besides the scholarships, G.M. will give \$10,000 each to foundations representing colleges in New York, New England, Ohio,

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Indiana, Pennsylvania and Michigan; \$35,000 more will go to the United Negro College Fund. Total number of campuses to benefit next fall under all aspects of the G.M. plan: 306.

Though U.S. corporations are far from using up the 5% tax exemption allowed (they use less than 1% for all types of philanthropy), they have obviously adopted a whole new attitude towards higher education. And that attitude is as practical and down-to-earth as a balance sheet. "It is not too much to say," observed G.M. President Harlow Curtice this week, "that the future of our nation—even its very survival—is in the hands of our institutions of higher education."

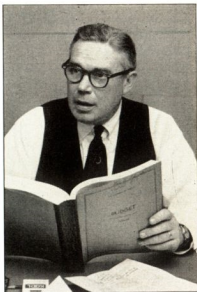
Repairman

When Lawrence Kimpton, after only a year as vice president for development at the University of Chicago, took over as chancellor in 1951, the academic world fixed a watchful eye on him. What could Philosopher Kimpton do that Robert Hutchins had not already done? Last week, when Kimpton's third annual report was published, the academic world found out that Hutchins' affable successor was a highly skilled administrator indeed.

In spite of Hutchins' brilliant—and often controversial—contributions to U.S. higher education, Chicago was suffering from some major aches when he left (to become associate director of the Ford Foundation). The campus was in danger of becoming an island in a sea of slums, and the whole area was plagued by one robbery and mugging after another. The university was also running in the red: except for a couple of years during World War II, it had not balanced its budget since 1938. Most ticklish problem of all was the fact that Hutchins' famed B.A. degree, given whenever a student, with or without a high-school diploma, could pass the necessary general-education requirements, had not been entirely successful. Other universities were suspicious of it, and so were the secondary schools. As a result, undergraduate enrollments went down year after year.

In the Black. Kimpton knew that none of these problems could be licked overnight. The university had borrowed so much from its capital endowment that it was \$3,000,000 behind in its repayment. Kimpton ordered his deans to slash their budgets 5%. He reduced his own secretarial staff from 15 to five, uprooted telephones all over the campus. Though he refused to cut faculty salaries, he realized that "you can't do the kind of hatchet job we're doing without its costing you something." He was forced to drop some research projects, could not always replace retiring professors. But by last week he was able to announce that in 1954 the university had ended up \$74,000 in the black.

To stop the spread of slums, Kimpton helped found a special Southeast Chicago Commission. The commission hired its own lawyer, law-enforcement officer, building inspector. It helped to drive cheating landlords out of the area, sparked a whole series of neighborhood redevelopment



Arthur Siegel

CHICAGO'S KIMPTON
First solvent, then solution.

ment corporations. Kimpton himself called on Mayor Kennedy and President Eisenhower, helped persuade the city, state and Federal Government to back a \$30 million slum-clearance program. Among the new buildings now going up in the vicinity: a row of houses and a bustling shopping center, as well as the already constructed new headquarters for the American Bar Association.

Imaginative Flair. When Kimpton attacked the problem of the Hutchins B.A., some professors shook their heads in dismay. But the chancellor made it clear that he had no intention of throwing out the broad sort of program Hutchins had in mind. Today the university offers three plans to its undergraduate students, depending on how much specialization they want. They can 1) take three years of general education and one of specialized "tutorial study," 2) take two years of general education and two of concentration, or 3) combine their general courses with their major throughout the four years. One fairly certain indication of the new plan's success: last fall freshmen enrollments were up 40%.

For all these accomplishments, Kimpton realizes that the University of Chicago has lost much of the experimental glamour of the Hutchins era. Nor has he been able to replace such men as Physicist Enrico Fermi, who died last November, Psychologist Louis Thurstone and Sociologist Ernest Burgess, who retired, or Chemist Harrison Brown, Geologist F. J. Pettijohn and Physiologist Ralph Gerard, all of whom have gone elsewhere. Will Chicago ever again become as exciting a place as it used to be? The danger is, says Kimpton, "that you get so used to thinking in terms of retrenchment that you lose any imaginative flair." Kimpton's own summary of his first three years: "We have repaired our house, but our real task is to build a city."



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Keeping tabs on business operations takes more than a green eyeshade today.

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It will pay you to *look under the hood*, because the big swing to modern *Short Stroke* engines is just getting under way . . . and many truck models will have old-type *long stroke* engines for some time to come.

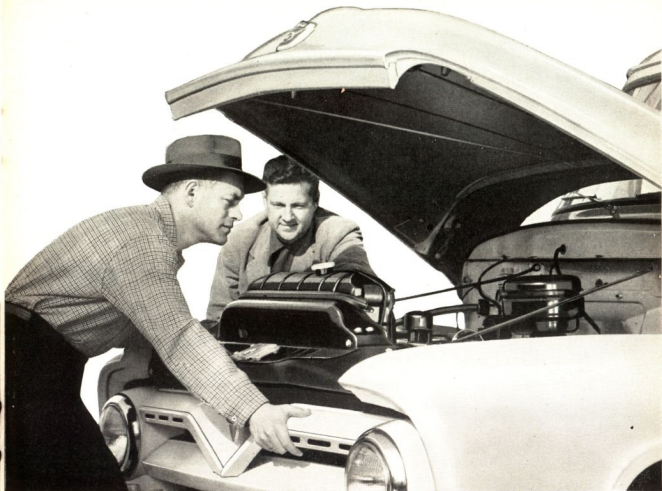
It's easy to tell a modern *Short Stroke* engine from the *long stroke* engine of the past. The

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SPORT

The Manly Art of Murder

Ordinarily, the judge's report on the court's inquest would have been a formality. Since no one was legally responsible for the death of Professional Heavyweight Hayes ("Ed") Sanders, no one could be prosecuted. But to Chief Justice Elijah Adlow of Boston's municipal court the death of Ed Sanders (25), shortly after he was knocked out in the eleventh round of a fight with New England Champion Willie James, was still murder and the bout's spectators were party to the crime.

Since 1900, said Judge Adlow last week, 327 men have died from prize-ring injuries. There were six fatalities last year. In the same week that Sanders was killed, Ralph Weiser lost his life in Klamath

Biggest Season

For fair-weather athletes, it was a time to rifle through travel folders and dream of the south. But millions of America's weekend sportsmen are made of sturdier stuff: from New England to the Pacific they welcome winter with a new burst of energy. Workaday citizens from Monday through Friday, they spend their spare time schussing down steep white slopes, tumbling into pratfalls and shivering in subzero cold. This week in resorts across the U.S. and Canada, cash registers are ringing up their enthusiasm in the biggest ski season on record.

No Favorites. Nowhere did conditions look better, or resort owners happier, than in Squaw Valley, Calif. Powder

ming highways leading to Mt. Baker and Snoqualmie Pass. And rain, bane of the Northwest winter, was holding off. Night skiing has become increasingly popular. In Seattle and nearby cities, where sporting-goods stores sold more than \$2,000,000 worth of ski equipment last year, merchants have a hard time believing this season's figures, already running 10 to 15% better.

At Alta, high in Utah's Wasatch Mountains, where snow starts sooner and stays longer than almost anywhere in the west, conditions have been all but perfect. There, and at nearby Brighton, U.S. Olympic Ski Coach Alf Engen runs the largest free ski school in the country, sponsored by the *Deseret News-Salt Lake Telegram*. The slopes were sprinkled with nearly 30,000 enthusiasts a month as the season picked up momentum. At Idaho's plush Sun Valley, where the Shah



SKIERS AT STOWE (VT.) & SQUAW VALLEY (CALIF.)

On weekends, pratfalls.

Bob Bourdon; Tom King—Black Star

Falls, Ore. "In the absence of a law legalizing boxing matches, an assault entailing such consequence would constitute murder . . . Both of the medical examiners insisted that the objective of boxers who engage in a contest is to deliver a knockout punch. In their opinion a knockout punch means nothing more than to inflict a brain injury on the contestant."

The court was critical of the few safety devices used in the boxing ring. "Professional baseball not only sanctions the use of a protective device for the head but some of the clubs require it. College and professional football spare no efforts to protect participants . . ." But he was even more critical of boxing fans. "The rules of the Boxing Commission forbid a one-sided match; [they] require a match to be stopped when a contestant is outclassed. But the spectators dictate the determination of these vital decisions . . . In the enforcement of the Boxing Commission rules, the claims of humanity and decency are drowned in the roar of the crowd. It is a sad commentary on our sporting world that as Hayes Sanders sank to the floor, there were boos from the crowd."

snow came early and often to the 50 sq. mi. of Alpine terrain near Lake Tahoe and the Nevada border. Normally, skiers on the High Sierra would wait till February or March for a fine, deep base. This season the trails were ready by Thanksgiving, and the big snowstorms conveniently came in midweek, giving road crews a chance to clear the way for weekend customers. Capacity crowds are keeping 14 instructors busy. Last week, while Squaw Valley celebrated its fifth anniversary, the U.S. Olympic Committee voted to recommend the resort for the 1960 winter Olympics.

Unlike the committee, the weather was playing no favorites. More than 2,000 miles away in Stowe, Vt., there were three inches of packed powder over a 30-inch base on the trail-seamed face of Mount Mansfield. With 13,000 feet of uphill tows and lifts that can haul 3,800 skiers an hour, visitors still had to cool their heels for a long hour before getting a crack at the wicked drop of Nose Dive or the fast slopes at Skimeister and Whirlaway.

In the Northwest, where every basement harbors at least one carefully tended pair of skis, weekend crowds were cram-

ming highways leading to Mt. Baker and Snoqualmie Pass. And rain, bane of the Northwest winter, was holding off. Night skiing has become increasingly popular. In Seattle and nearby cities, where sporting-goods stores sold more than \$2,000,000 worth of ski equipment last year, merchants have a hard time believing this season's figures, already running 10 to 15% better.

Fit to Kill. As far north as Canada's Laurentians, ski resorts are thriving on the big boom in U.S. skiing. Since the end of World War II, growing popularity has changed skiing from a breakneck pastime to a relatively sane family sport. Careful teaching and the diligent police work of a volunteer organization known as the National Ski Patrol System have cut the accident rate down to as low as one-half of 1%. Slopes are better cared for, and "Snow Bunnies," the dressed-fit-to-kill show-offs, who seem never to know which end is up, seldom get loose long enough these days to swoosh downhill in a slapstick slalom. Classes attract all ages, from 5 to 65. So many families turn out that many ski schools have started baby-sitting services.

Perhaps the surest sign of U.S. skiing maturity is the fact that U.S. skiers are finally getting fed up with foreign critics. "All our skiers know something now," said one pro at Aspen, Colo. last week. "We have had a lot of trouble with European skiers. We find our American skiers are



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outshining them. The Europeans are used to the old equipment and techniques, the slopes at Davos and St. Moritz. Americans are getting good lessons and starting the right way. It stays with them right on through."

Weary Willie

Even the kids on the sandlots remember when baseball was a summer sport. After six months of shagging flies, a ballplayer is entitled to relax. But last fall, when the N.Y. Giants' spectacular center fielder, Willie Mays, asked for permission to play winter ball in Puerto Rico, the Giants readily agreed. If the Most Valuable Player in the National League thought that he needed the practice, why argue? Besides, it was good publicity.

Last week, Willie and the Giants learned something they might have suspected last September: too many days in uniform can turn baseball into a dreary business. Tired, his temper on edge, the old pleasure of playing gone, 23-year-old Willie got into a batting-practice scuffle with his Giant teammate, Ruben Gomez. Later, Willie denied everything. "All those stories about a fight—phooey," he said. "Ruben and I are pals."

Willie, back in the States for a round of baseball dinners, admitted that he was "tired of playing ball." He would be going back to Puerto Rico for the winter-league playoffs, but he wished he did not have to. After that, said he, "no more winter baseball for me."

Scoreboard

☛ At Santa Anita, Helbush Farms' trim chestnut colt Poona II broke into an early lead, won the mile-and-a-sixteenth San Fernando Stakes by better than four lengths and in the process set a world record for the distance. Time: 1:40½.

☛ In Cleveland, old (36) Fireballer Bob Feller signed his 17th contract with the pennant-winning Indians at the same salary as last season, an estimated \$30,000. Although the fireballer he brought to the big leagues from an Iowa farm has been fizzling for the past four years, Feller's careful control has helped him run up a total of 262 victories, more than any other active pitcher.

☛ At West Palm Beach, Fla., Ted Williams, 36, one of the greatest hitters in the history of the big leagues, took time out after a sailfishing tournament to announce that he had made up his mind to quit baseball. From now on, said Williams, he will spend his summers fishing.

☛ In Los Angeles, officials of the Amateur Athletic Union studied reports that pole-vaulter Parson Bob Richards had received a Mercury and other gifts on the television program *This Is Your Life*, solemnly announced that the loot was legally presented not to Pole-Vaulter Richards, but to Parson Richards' First Brethren Church "in the interests of furthering its service." His amateur status still intact, the Rev. Richards hopped 15 ft. 3½ in. into the air at the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus Games, won the pole vault and set a new meet record.



Big—like Stewart-Warner



Or small—like Renier Company



Burroughs Sensimatics can cut your accounting costs

Look at this contrast: Stewart-Warner, a large corporation with many products, has accounting departments staffed by more than four hundred people. The Renier Company, a thriving retailer of lumber and builders' supplies in Lincoln Park, Michigan, has just two girls for all accounting.

Still, both businesses use Burroughs Sensimatic accounting machines—to cut costs to a mechanized minimum.

Renier needs only *one* Sensimatic, while Stewart-Warner uses many.

Actually, the clue is in the name "Sensimatic," meaning a highly automatic machine with the exclusive Burroughs "sensing panel." It's this control that makes each Sensimatic *four machines in one*—a sound investment for even the smallest business.

With any Sensimatic, you can do *four* major accounting jobs at the turn of

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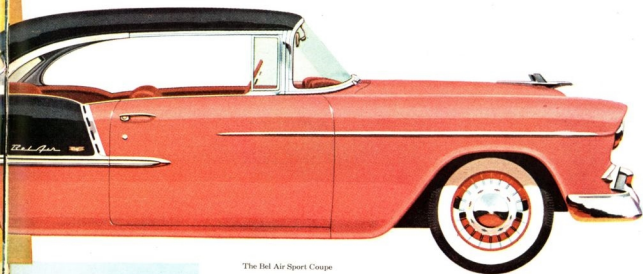
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MEDICINE

Tax Lien

Does cheating the Government make a doctor unfit to treat his patients? The question had Philadelphia's suburbia split right down its Main Line last week. Center of the storm: Surgeon Clare C. Hodge, 46, who came home last September after serving three months in prison for defrauding the U.S. of \$166,000 in income taxes (between 1943 and 1950, he took in unreported fees totaling \$432,000, paid taxes totaling only \$23,000).

Said Hodge: "God gave me these hands and endowed them with some surgical ability [to help] suffering humanity." With that, he applied for reinstatement at Bryn Mawr Hospital. The directors turned him down just before Christmas. Then the storm broke. Expressing their "shock and displeasure," 27 of Bryn Mawr's medical staff urged the directors to back down; a majority of the hospital's other staff members joined in protest. Local organizations passed pro-Hodge resolutions. Seven local Protestant churchmen sent the directors an open letter: "[Hodge] has been judged, punished and returned to us . . . Shall we deny him any occasion to employ his special talent for constructive enterprise?"

There was no denying that Hodge had a special talent. Iowa-born, he interned at Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Hospital, studied surgery at Boston's Lahey Clinic before he moved to Bryn Mawr in 1940. Said one fan: "I am the father of three children whom I love deeply. Should they require surgery, I would unhesitatingly ask Dr. Hodge to perform that operation." But Philadelphia Attorney Laurence H. Eldredge commended the Bryn Mawr board and said: "It is not enough that Hodge can serve a patient with satisfactory results. He must also be a man of integrity." The American College of Surgeons dropped Hodge from its rolls, and the Philadelphia Academy of Surgery praised Bryn Mawr for turning him down.

Last week, the embattled doctor tried to get away from Bryn Mawr. He applied for a position as surgeon at Philadelphia's St. Joseph's Hospital, a 200-bed institution run by the Roman Catholic Order of Felician Sisters. Without having been formally accepted, Hodge had already performed one operation at St. Joseph's, and more were scheduled. Nevertheless, at week's end Hodge's supporters were still hoping to bring him back to Bryn Mawr.

Psychodrama

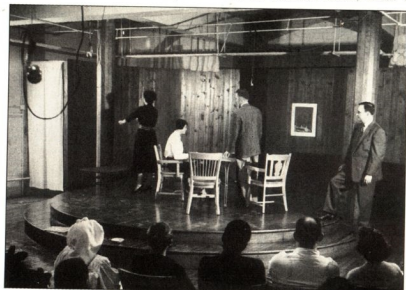
The scene: a small circular stage in the basement of Washington's St. Elizabeth's Hospital. The cast: a group of inmates. Under white lights suggesting harsh reality, 19-year-old Susan thrashes about in a temper tantrum. She once used these tantrums to win attention from her widowed mother or her uncle. Now, as the stage lighting turns slowly to green, another inmate enters in the role of her father's ghost. The two decide to go away to-

gether, and the lights are blacked out to indicate the passage of time.

Susan was the star of a "psychodrama," a psychiatric technique in which mental patients are encouraged to act out their dreams and fantasies. The plot is made up by the participants, with the help of an attending psychologist. In Susan's "play," after a brief blackout, she reappeared with her "father" under grey lights representing purgatory. The audience served as the jury, and another patient acted Susan's aunt and shrieked accusations at her. Soon Susan and her ghostly father went to hell where, under flickering red lights, the damned stood around mute, each in a shell of loneliness and unable to communicate with the others. Next stop was

lights from red to blue. The assault stopped at once. Enneis now controls both the intensity and color of the lights himself.

Participants in a psychodrama group stand around the stage before each session, chatting with Enneis and among themselves to decide who shall be the first "star" and what aspects of life to portray. After they have attended a couple of sessions, they are usually surprisingly willing to go onstage and act out husband-and-wife fights or mother-and-daughter quarrels. Among recent patients was Joe, 24, who had felt unwanted and frustrated at home with an ineffective father and a hostile, aggressive, dominant mother. With another patient acting the part of his mother, Joe learned to express some of his bottled-up aggressions—and the substitute mother, herself a



PSYCHOLOGIST ENNEIS (RIGHT) & THERAPY-DRAMA
Blue lights, heaven; red lights, hell.

Walter Bennett

heaven; under a peaceful blue, "God" sat on his throne surrounded by angels, and Susan met a boy friend who had died young.

Susan liked heaven so much that Psychologist-Producer James Enneis feared she might develop suicidal ideas, so he had the ghost father tell Susan that she could find a heaven on earth.

Emotionally Charged Lights. Georgia-born Psychologist Enneis, 34, studied psychodrama under its originator, Dr. Jacob L. Moreno, at Beacon, N.Y., was early impressed by the effect of lights on the actors. Where a director uses lights in a conventional theater to harmonize with the mood of the scene, Enneis found that he could control or even create emotions with different colored lights. His most vivid example: a staff assistant was acting under the emotionally charged red lights when a woman patient (going through a transference relationship) attacked her. Onstage, Enneis tried vainly to separate them, but an alert observer flicked the

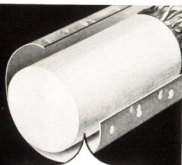
domineering type, learned to give Joe a selfless kind of help.

Another patient, 35, complained that when she tried to get a job on the outside, "they" stopped her. "They," she explained, were "the Communists, the Nazis and the F.B.I." After acting out some of her conflicts, she conceded that the police, at least, were her friends.

Neither Couch nor Stage. At St. Elizabeth's, one of about a dozen U.S. mental hospitals where psychodrama is played, Enneis has worked with two groups of newly arrived patients (20 to 25 in each) who meet three times a week. Last week he began a twice-weekly psychodrama series with 100 patients who have been in the hospital five years or longer. Most of these had been hostile to the staff and to each other. Enneis hoped that giving them a chance to act out their hostilities would calm them down so that some could be discharged and the rest would become less troublesome patients.

Enneis does not see psychodrama as a

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panacea for the patients' ills, but as a useful technique to help them gain insight into their own difficulties and enter more normal relationships with others. The most important part of recovery comes, he believes, after the patient has left the hospital and applies what he has learned there. "No one," he says, "was ever cured on a couch or a stage."

20 Gallons of Blood

Worried and puzzled, Manufacturer Hubert Harris, 48, checked into Dallas' Baylor Hospital a fortnight ago. His left eye was blackened; on his legs were great bruise-like splotches. To Baylor doctors, it was obvious that Harris was suffering from severe internal bleeding. They did not know why.

As the doctors tried to find the cause, veins, arteries and capillaries in Harris' intestinal tract began to leak blood. To keep alive, Harris had to have whole blood and plenty of it. The problem was Harris' comparatively rare (about one out of 100) blood type, B-RH Negative.

In desperation, the doctors appealed to the public. The response was almost overwhelming: in one week volunteers donated 311 pints. As fast as the blood could be processed, it was transfused into Hubert Harris' veins, while doctors tried to halt the bleeding with blood-clotting platelet concentrates. In all, Harris got 160 transfusions (20 gals.) of whole blood, about 20 times the amount of blood in the average man's body.

Nevertheless, despite two major operations and the aid of his fellow men, Hubert Harris could not stand the constant drain. One morning last week he died. He had taken more whole blood transfusions, the doctors claimed, than any other man in so short a time.

What had caused Harris' fatal hemorrhage? The doctors had no exact term for it, but they knew what had happened: Harris' liver had suddenly quit producing the body elements that cause blood to clot. Whether the liver's breakdown was the end result of an infection or earlier injury, the autopsy failed to show.

Capsules

¶ Of all the major professions, dentistry is the least progressive and most naive psychologically, said Psychologist Robert Lindner (TIME, Dec. 6) in a speech to the Baltimore City Dental Society. "Adoption of a sort of half-baked chairside manner is the limit of the psychotherapy dentists undertake . . . Patients approach the dentist with more anxiety than about almost anything else. But the dentists have no technique of allaying this anxiety . . . Some articles in their dental journals sound as if there were just teeth and no patient . . ."

¶ A new full-payment health plan, underwritten by California Physicians' Service (Blue Shield), went into effect in Long Beach, Calif. Unlike most health plans, the extended coverage scheme guarantees that some 1,100 participating physicians in the Los Angeles area will accept a set C.P.S. fee as full payment. Moreover,



Associated Press

PATIENT HARRIS & BLOOD BOTTLES
Generosity was not enough.

subscribers may use any hospitals and doctors outside C.P.S. if they are willing to pay extra. Average annual cost per family: \$160.

¶ The world's fourth known family case of female hemophilia was reported in Seattle by two University of Washington internists, Thomas Newcomb and Martin Matter. Their discovery, confirmed by standard tests: a seven-year-old girl who reversed the usual transmission pattern (mother-carrier-to-son) by inheriting the disease from her father's side of the family. ¶ A paternal grand-uncle is known to have had bleeding problems in childhood; there is no maternal hemophilia history. The girl was hospitalized after loosening baby teeth caused excessive bleeding, is now responding favorably to standard treatment (i.e., injection of fresh plasma).

¶ A new fluoroscopic method of diagnosing uterine tumors has been developed by Gynecologist Ralph R. Stevenson of Washington, D.C. First, he injects a harmless dye into the patient's uterus. As he manipulates the uterus, a "watching" X-ray tube projects a picture of the organ onto a fluoroscopic screen, and tumors show up as shadows. A movie camera records the picture for future reference. Main potential benefit: fewer hysterectomies done on suspicion, but no sure proof, of uterine abnormality.

¶ All three of the other female hemophiliacs' families were British, all fitted the classic Mendelian inheritance pattern: a father-bearer, a non-bleeding mother-carrier. One of the hemophilic daughters successfully bore a child (TIME, July 16, 1951), but was later forced to undergo surgical removal of the uterus after she nearly bled to death.



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MUSIC

The New Patronage

In Haydn's day, every culture-loving nobleman supported a composer on the place. Prince Nicolas ("the Magnificent") Esterhazy fully supported Haydn and his orchestra for nearly 30 years. The composer had to wear a court uniform and dished up music on order, but he got his chance to become the era's most famed composer. A generation later, public concerts began to thrive and noble patronage to bow out. In 20th century Europe the state shoulders the load. In the U.S., until recently, there has been only a scattering of such dedicated individuals as the late Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and Alma Morgenthau to support the creation of new music. But today, U.S. composers are witnessing the most lavish patronage boom they have ever seen.

In the Red. At the top of the money pile is Louisville, a city that is better known for bourbon than Beethoven, and probably always will be. But the Louisville Orchestra has just rounded out its first year of a four-year plan that has made it the world's busiest performer of new music: under a \$400,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation (TIME, Jan. 18, 1954), it has commissioned and played a new work for almost every week in the year. Records and tapes are played on Louisville's closed circuit and radio programs are also sent to the Voice of America, the BBC and European stations. LPs of the new music are pressed (by Columbia) for commercial release at \$65 per twelve-disk set. If enough people subscribe, the record sales will gradually make the program self-sustaining. Current headcave: only 300 subscriptions out of the necessary 1,000 came in last year.

But if the Louisville plan is financially in the red, it is musically well in the black. Forty-six new works have been introduced and several have already been performed elsewhere. A few were standouts, e.g., Luigi Dallapiccola's haunting, emotional *Variations for Orchestra*, Henry Cowell's gentle *Symphony No. 11*, Carlos Surinach's vivid *Sinfonietta Flamenca*. The overall quality was higher than critics dared hope.

Money Flood. Other U.S. organizations that are following in the footsteps of Nicolas the Magnificent:

¶ The League of Composers has coaxed such patrons as Richard Rodgers and Irving Berlin to ante up for new music, arranged commissions of many diverse items, e.g., Copland's bright *Music for the Theatre* (1925) and Leon Kirchner's almost atonal *Sinfonia in Two Parts* (1950).

¶ The Koussevitzky Music Foundations have commissioned the world's finest composers with resounding results, e.g., Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*, Stravinsky's *Ode for Symphony Orchestra*, Blizstein's *Regina*, for a total of some 60 major works.

¶ Chicago's Fromm Music Foundation spends some \$50,000 a year for commis-

sions, publishing, recording and performance of new music, including works by Orientalist Alan Hovhanness and Twelvetonist Ben Weber.

¶ Columbia University's Alice M. Ditson Fund has commissioned and premiered Menotti's *The Medium*, Virgil Thomson's *Mother of Us All*, symphonies by Roger Sessions, Walter Piston and Randall Thompson.

¶ NBC has commissioned Menotti operas for radio and TV, now has two new operas by Lukas Foss and Stanley Hollingsworth for spring TV performance.

¶ The Boston Symphony, in collaboration with Conductor Charles Munch and



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NICOLAS THE MAGNIFICENT
Trailed by a Philadelphia dog.

one of the Koussevitzky foundations, is awarding \$2,000 apiece to 15 famed composers, e.g., Darius Milhaud, Heitor Villa-Lobos, William Schuman, for symphonic works to be played in 1955, its 75th anniversary year.

Men of the music world—New York City Center's Lincoln Kirstein, Conductor Andre Kostelanetz, Clarinetist Benny Goodman—also commission music for their own use. Among the increasing number of people who commission music for private purposes: a Philadelphia lady who commissioned a piece in memory of her dog. Standard fees: about \$1,000 for a symphony, \$2,500 for an opera.

Despite the flood of patronage dollars, there are still able composers who go hungry; no composer can write enough music to live on today's commissions alone. But the entry of big money into the field means a healthier musical state in the U.S. Every work may not be a masterpiece, but masterpieces only get written when there is lots of music in the air.



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The Dance of the Dragon climaxes San Francisco's Chinese New Year celebration

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Operatic Cold War

When Contralto Margaret Klose sang in *Jenufa* at Berlin's Municipal Opera, she performed excellently. But along with the applause came a shrill of whistles and a thicket of catcalls. It had just been announced that Singer Klose, like Baritone Josef Hermann before her, was switching over to Berlin's State Opera under a three-year contract. On top of the reaction of Municipal Opera's fans, its famed director, Carl Ebert, 67, himself snapped an angry farewell. Its gist: his artists should not only be good singers but good citizens. Once they have gone, Klose and Hermann will not be allowed to sing again for the company, even as guests. The reason for all the fuss was simply that the Municipal Opera is in Berlin's British sector while the State Opera is across the line in the Russian.

When the war ended, the Russians, bent



Cornell Capa—LIFE

WEST BERLIN'S EBERT

A challenge to massive magnificence.

on a big *Kultur* offensive, took over what was left of the grand old State Opera company. They paid its casts handsomely and footed the bills for the best in costumes and scenery. Since performers and listeners had no trouble crossing sectors, the State Opera quickly restored its name as Berlin's first company. Now the Russians are even rebuilding the Unter den Linden theater, and providing it with a stage fully equipped for all the massive magnificence that Germans love.

A Tossup. But in West Berlin, the remains of the old Municipal Opera company struggled to survive in a house whose ceiling was still perforated by bomb fragments. The Western occupation authorities did not include opera in their budget, so Municipal singers got starvation salaries. The few able conductors and singers who stuck with it did so only out of loyalty to the company or because their political consciences forbade them to sing

for the Communists. Still, the Municipal Opera made out, and when the rival companies mounted simultaneous productions of, say, Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, it was a tossup which was superior (although neither achieved the standard of the old Berlin State Opera, New York's Metropolitan or Milan's La Scala).

The Municipal Opera, never able to shake deficits, dissensions and accusations of poor management, suffered a serious blow last fall when its director, Heinz Tietjen, retired. The company turned to Ebert, who gained fame as a director of the standout Glyndebourne Opera. It was able to lure him from the University of Southern California, where he had taught opera for six years. "It was heartbreaking to educate young singers only to have them faced with unemployment," Ebert said, in explaining why he left the comparatively soft job for a tough one. "There just aren't enough companies to take them in the United States." There was also a strong sentimental reason. Ebert had once before directed the Municipal Opera, but left Germany in 1933, after refusing the Nazis' request that he take over all German opera houses as part of Hitler's cultural front.

A Gap. With a reputation as an artist, a builder and a fighter, Carl Ebert has performed thus far like the man who can carry Municipal safely through the melodic cold war with the Communists' State Opera. "I can't match them with quantity," he says intensely. "I don't have the East's propaganda money. But I will do it with quality. I can offer performances by a company that is good as a whole. It is a question of teamwork."

Ebert needs \$4,000,000 to rebuild the old Municipal Opera house, says he "will try to get enough money in the United States to goad authorities here to give me the rest." The bulky, tired repertory needs overhauling. And Ebert needs more good singers. The defection of Singers Klose and Hermann leaves a gap that will be hard to fill, he admits, "but even the finest singers can be replaced. The world has had to face that fact every time a great singer has died."

Record Prices (Contd.)

After three weeks of confusion, brought on when RCA Victor chopped its LP prices by about a third (TIME, Jan. 10), the record industry has settled into a recognizable pattern. Six important labels (Capitol, Columbia, Decca, London, Mercury, M-G-M) are meeting Victor's prices of \$3.98 a 12-inch disk, with exceptions for complete operas and other particularly expensive performances. Angel, Westminster, Vox and Cook all claim special qualities for their recordings, are hewing to the original \$5.95 price line. Others have agreed on a \$4.98 "suggested" price. Manhattan's Sam Goody's, the major record discount house, continued to discount the "suggestions," advertised classical LPs for as much as 29% off. *Billboard* reported one significant change: "deep [in] the country's economy"; the pawnshop value has dropped from \$1.25 to \$1 a disk.

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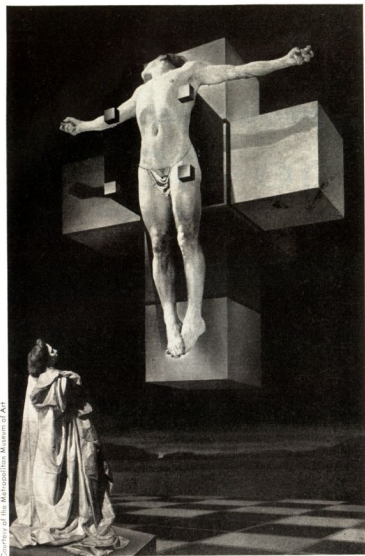
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ART



SALVADOR DALÍ'S "CRUCIFIXION"

Dalí Makes Met

In his surrealist heyday, Salvador Dalí made his name a byword with his meticulously rendered crutches, melon-shaped buttocks and limp watches dramatically set against elongated dream vistas. But when Dalí moved his subconscious props into religious art after World War II, his work left the critics cold. For his recent Manhattan show Dalí personally grabbed the limelight by mugging with his wax-bean mustache, but his work drew a bouquet of cabbages. His smooth-as-melting-ice-cream paint surfaces reminded one critic of "old miniatures painted on celluloid." Other critics deplored the "vacant trivialities" in the show.

Last week the critics were taken up short. Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art announced that it had acquired one of Dalí's latest paintings for its per-

manent collection. Critical eyebrows shot even higher at the name of the donor: wealthy Chester Dale, famed for his impressionist and modern French paintings and an outstanding connoisseur.

Collector Dale says he visited Dalí's latest show with "no idea of buying a Dalí," found himself "bowled over" by an impressive, 6-ft.-tall painting of the Crucifixion. Says Dale: "I can't explain it except in one way—when it hits me, it hits me hard. It is a very honest picture, very great." Dale decided to buy it, reportedly paid about \$15,000 for it.

Dalí originally entitled the work *Corpus hypercubus* (Hypercubic Body), explains that his painting is based on "the harmonious division of a specific golden rectangle" and on the studies of the cube by the 16th century Spanish Architect Juan de Herrera. Actually, the painting has all the impact of a good window display. A

luminous figure of a beardless Christ, face averted, floats before a dull gold cross, dramatically spotlighted against a dark sky. Floating with fine structural irrelevancy before the figure are four of Dalí's small, mystic cubes, "the most perfect of geometric bodies." Dalí has painted his wife and favorite model, Gala, luxuriously robed adoring the Crucifixion.

The Met changed the title of *Corpus hypercubus* to *The Crucifixion* because "it is easier to understand." As it put its new Dalí on public view, the Met rated the work "an outstanding modern religious painting, very serious, with little surrealist eccentricities." Said Dalí, "Juan Gris created beautiful cubism and Picasso continued it. Now myself has created one complete hypercubic painting."

NEW ACQUISITIONS

MOST of the nation's art museums are less than half a century old, but they have shot up fast. This week the Minneapolis Institute of Arts celebrated its 40th anniversary with an exhibition of 40 masterpieces culled from its collection of some 25,000 art objects. The museum's latest acquisition, a Chardin (*opposite*), is perhaps the most brilliant painting in the show.

Chardin was in his honored 60s when he painted the picture, and living contentedly as a "King's Pensioner" in the Louvre. When first displayed in 1769 (three years after it was finished), his canvas drew a parade of exclamation points from Encyclopedist Diderot, one of Paris' first professional art critics: "Everyone sees nature; but Chardin sees it profoundly and exhausts himself in rendering it as he sees it; his work on *The Attributes of the Arts* is proof of this. How perfectly the perspective is observed! How the objects reflect each other! How the masses are handled! One can't decide wherein lies the enchantment, because it is everywhere."

To celebrate its Golden Anniversary, Buffalo's Albright Art Gallery plans to amass some new treasures this year. First purchase: the Tamayo opposite.

Tamayo, a Zapotec Indian, likes to repeat: "My feeling is Mexican, my color is Mexican, my shapes are Mexican." Then he adds, "But my thinking is a mixture." His thoughts about art are cosmopolitan and drawn more from the school of Paris than from the militantly proletarian school of his countrymen Rivera and Siqueiros. At 54 Tamayo has come a long way from the Mexico City fruit markets where he grew up, has become one of the Western Hemisphere's most sought-after painters. Contrasted with Chardin's chill but solid mastery, Tamayo's *Fruit Vendors* looks ungainly in drawing and uncertain in composition. The colors, which glow hot and cold through a spreading stain of shadows, enforce the ambiguous mood. And the mood, which might be that of a romantic summer night or of a nightmare, carries the picture.



THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE ARTS, done in 1766 by Jean Chardin, honors painting, sculpture and architecture.

THE FRUIT VENDORS, painted by Mexico's Rufino Tamayo in 1952, is as moody as Chardin's art is clear.





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CINEMA

The Dostoevsky Blues

Blonde, well-rounded Marilyn Monroe is admired (or deplored) the world over as the sexiest little number in the movies. But Marilyn herself would prefer to be remembered by posterity as a dramatic actress. Fed up over her salary (a stark \$1,500 a week) and the "commercial" attitude of her boss, 20th Century-Fox, Marilyn began a revolt in Manhattan: she called a press conference.

First of all, she announced, she has organized Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc. Her associates: a magazine photographer named Milton Greene and her new attorney, Manhattan Lawyer Frank Delaney. "I am going to do some pictures and TV and things," said Marilyn, fluttering her lashes above a low-cut white satin dress. "I want to expand, to get into other fields, to broaden my scope . . . People have scope, you know, they really do." Sipping a glass of sherry ("It's so good for your stomach"), Marilyn disclosed that she would like "to play some strong dramatic parts . . . like Grushenka, in *The Brothers Karamazov* . . . I don't know [how to spell it]. I only hope I can act in it."

In Hollywood last week Marilyn got a brusque reminder that she is firmly under contract to the studio until 1958. Fox issued a white paper: "20th Century-Fox is very satisfied with both the artistic and financial results from the pictures in which Miss Monroe has appeared . . . 20th Century-Fox has no intention of granting Miss Monroe's request that she play in *Brothers Karamazov*."

But Marilyn already has a strong ally in fun-loving Director Billy (Sabrina) Wilder, who insists that he would like to see Marilyn play in *The Brothers Karamazov*. After that, he grinned, he would be delighted to direct her in such Hollywoodish sequels as *Seven Brides for the Brothers Karamazov*, *All the Brothers Were Karamazovs*, *The Brothers Karamazov Join the WACS*, and, of course, *The Brothers Karamazov Meet Abbott & Costello*.

The New Pictures

The Beachcomber (J. Arthur Rank; United Artists). Asked who discovered the South Sea Islands, a schoolboy once replied: "Somerset Maugham." He was right, of course. Captain Cook found some geographical points, but he missed the emotional one that Sadie Thompson and Ginger Ted, the supreme remittance man in all literature, have supplied to millions. Ted is back again in this second screen version of *The Beachcomber*. This time Actor Robert Newton sees, as Charles Laughton in the 1939 version failed to, the low, colonial swank of the fellow, and plays it for the snickers it deserves.

The instant Ted comes boulevardier into view, through a window, the moviegoer has a sudden reflex to check his wallet. Hair plastered down, three days' growth of beard, sour-looking tropic-

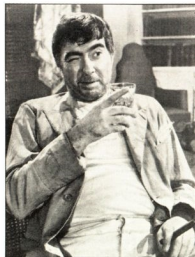


WILLIAM HOLDEN

"Why did it have to be me?"

whites, smile like an overpolished apple and nasty little eye like a worm in it: Newton is the picture of a man who has made a gin fizzle of his life, and figures to cadge a chaser.

Vice meets a harrowing reward. The poor slob is marooned on a desert island with a prissy goggle-eyed missionary lady (Glynis Johns). Rescued at last, he is thanked by the parson "for sparing her." Ted gasps: "Me! and that sanctimonious, psalm-singing little prig! I've never been so insulted in my life!" The idea so unnerves him, in fact, that he gets smashing drunk to drive it out of his mind. Fadeout: Ted at the harmonium, wheezing away at a hymn, and reeking of salvation quite as repulsively as he ever did of booze.



ROBERT NEWTON

A life that gin-fizzled.

The Bridges at Toko-ri (Paramount), based on the 1953 novel by James Michener, is one of the best of all the many Hollywood pictures about the Korean war. The movie is a good deal better than the book. And in this case, besides, there is the cold beauty of the jet planes as they flash through black skies like algebraic swans in a futuristic myth.

Michener's story: a young lawyer (played with his usual unspectacular competence by William Holden) is yanked back into the Navy and shipped to the Pacific as a carrier-based pilot flying Panther jets. His boss is an admirable admiral. In fact, the Old Man (played with fine flexibility and insight by Fredric March) is something of a St. Francis in shoulder-wigs, who watches over his flock of birdmen with loving care, and especially over Holden, who reminds him of a son he lost in World War II. In the end, nevertheless, the admiral has to send his boy to almost certain death in a mission against the bridges at Toko-ri. And death it is, though for all too long the audience is teased with the hope of a sentimental save and the chance to see Holden reunited with his wife (Grace Kelly, who does what little her part permits with charm and sensibility).

Shortly before his death the hero asks Michener's question: "Why does it have to be me?" And the picture gives Michener's answer: People back home "act the way they do because they're there. You . . . go on doing your job because you're here. It's just as simple as that." This, though Paramount may shudder to hear it said, is an existentialist answer, and surely a poor one to die on—though just as surely many a man has had to die on it for want of a better reason in his heart.

Little Caesar's Busy Days

Edward G. Robinson was sitting idly around Hollywood with that wonderfully rubbery sneer of a face, so a couple of moviemakers had the gall to divide Little Caesar into two crummy parts.

Black Tuesday (United Artists) stars Robinson as a Big Caesar. He's in the death house, see? But on execution night, his moll (Jean Parker) has planned a daring jail break. Everything will go well, if only that Negro down the hall stops his constant wailing of the blues. There is also another condemned prisoner, and Eddie will take him along, because this guy knows where to find 200 Gs. Then, too, there are a steady-eyed priest, a good guard, a bad guard, and a good, dumb crime reporter. After the well-engineered escape, Eddie, the boys and his moll foolishly hole up on the top floor of a warehouse. At this point, the shooting becomes so excessive that the audience can hardly hear the dialogue. When the bullets finally burn Eddie to the floor, everybody feels that shooting is too good for him; moviegoers may feel the same way about the picture.

The Violent Men (Columbia) has more than its share of brutality: fires, murders, fist fights, stampedes. This time Eddie is a crippled, scheming cattle baron, the

Friden brings you this *first-time*
feature on an American
10-key Adding Machine



Friden brings you *natural way*
adding with this patented,
hand-cradling keyboard...

just put your hand on it

...to feel how each finger
—of either hand—falls into
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You're right to expect a fresh experience when you try this new Friden Natural Way Adding Machine. It possesses entirely new convenience features—requires far fewer time-wasting operator decisions. **Clear Signal** prints automatically on tape with first item following a total • **Totals and Sub-totals** obtained instantly by depressing bars—no space

strokes required. **True credit balance** printed without extra motor operations or pre-setting • **Oversize control keys**, each plainly labeled, give direct "live" response. Ask your nearby Friden Man to show you this adding machine. Friden sales, instruction, service throughout U.S. and world. FRIDEN CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC., San Leandro, California.

PRODUCTS OF

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THE COMPUTER • THE ADD-PUNCH MACHINE

husband of beautiful, scheming Barbara Stanwyck. They have a sweet, innocent daughter (Dianne Foster) who would like to play bride & groom with an upstanding horseman (Glenn Ford). But what will daddy say? Nothing much, since empire-mad Robinson is so dumb he doesn't even know that his wife has been inspecting the hay at close quarters with his brother (Brian Keith). Relatively unscratched at the end are Good Guy Ford and Starlet Foster, who plays her role in a variety of well-tailored riding habits.

Also Showing

Game of Love (Franco-London; Times Film Corp.) is a good little French picture based on a 1923 novel by Colette called *Le Blé en Herbe*. The typically Coletteish plot: a 16-year-old boy named Phil (Pierre-Michel Beck) and his mother share a summer home on the Brittany beach with 15-year-old Vinca (Nicole Berger) and her family. The coltish youngsters love their summer lives, although, as they emerge from childhood, they begin to feel the prickly pain of petty jealousies. Into Phil's life there comes a mature woman (Edwige Fenech) who at length welcomes him, curious, experimental and bold, to her bed. Having taught the boy how to be a man, she gently sends him back to Vinca. In a haystack, the boy and girl fumble at love and, as the summer wanes and they prepare to return to Paris, realize that they have sadly closed the door on childhood. Director Claude Autant-Lara, who covered somewhat the same ticklish territory in *Devil in the Flesh* (TIME, March 21, 1949), this time has produced not so much a pathetic portrait of adolescence as a melancholy valentine to the memory of those troubling years.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Bad Day at Black Rock. Spencer Tracy is first-rate as a stranger among sullen evildoers in a cat-and-mouse game set in the Southwest (TIME, Jan. 17).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena; with Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart. (TIME, Dec. 13).

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate choral on the themes of sin and salvation, is rearranged into something more like Mad Dogs and Englishmen; Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).

Phffff! Jack Lemmon and Judy Holliday give a wacky answer to the divorce question (TIME, Nov. 15).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black Carmen, with Dorothy Dandridge putting the torch to Bizet's babe, and Pearl Bailey hoarding around in the wide-screen wings (TIME, Nov. 1).

Now Puerto Rico Offers 100% Tax Exemption to New Industry

by BEARDSLEY RUMI

"We don't want runaway industry" says Governor Muñoz. "But we do want new and expanding industries. To get them, we promise freedom from all taxes—local and Federal." That's one reason why hundreds of U. S. manufacturers are locating new plants in Puerto Rico, where they are protected by all the guarantees of the U. S. Constitution.



IN A dramatic bid to raise the standard of living in Puerto Rico, the Commonwealth Government is now offering U. S. manufacturers such overwhelming incentives that more than three hundred new factories have already been established in this sun-drenched island 961 miles off the Florida coast.

First and most compelling incentive is a completely tax-free period of ten years for most manufacturers who set up new plants in Puerto Rico.

For example, if your company is now making a net profit after taxes of \$53,500, your net profit in Puerto Rico would be \$100,000—a gain of 87 per cent as a result of non-applicability of U. S. Corporate Income Tax in Puerto Rico.

Your dividends in Puerto Rico from a corporation there could be \$50,000 against \$25,000 net in the U. S.—thanks to the non-applicability of the U. S. Income Tax.

What About Labor?

Puerto Rico's labor reservoir of 650,000 men and women has developed remarkable levels of productivity and efficiency—thanks, in part, to the Commonwealth's vocational training schools. These schools also offer special courses for managers and supervisors.

The progress made in technical skills may be gauged from the fact that there are now twenty-eight factories producing delicate electronic equipment.

Among the U. S. companies that have already set up manufacturing operations in Puerto Rico are Sylvania Electric, Carborundum Company, St. Regis Paper, Remington Rand, Univis Lens, Shoe Cor-

CORPORATE TAX EXEMPTION	
If your net profit after U. S. Corporate Income Tax is:	Your net profit in Puerto Rico would be:
\$ 17,500	\$ 25,000
29,500	50,000
53,500	100,000
245,500	500,000
485,500	1,000,000

DIVIDEND TAX EXEMPTION	
If your income* after U. S. Individual Income Tax is:	Your net income in Puerto Rico would be:
\$ 3,900	\$ 5,000
7,360	10,000
10,270	15,000
14,850	25,000
23,180	50,000
32,680	100,000
43,180	200,000
70,180	500,000

*These examples are figured for dividends paid in Puerto Rico to a single resident. Based on Federal rates effective Jan. 1, 1954.

poration of America, and Weston Electric.

"Close to Paradise"

Listen to what L. H. Christensen, Vice President of St. Regis Paper, says:

"The climate is probably as close to paradise as man will ever see. I find Puerto Ricans in general extremely friendly, courteous and cooperative."

"This plant in Puerto Rico is one of our most efficient operations, in both quality and output. Our labor has responded well to all situations."

Mr. Christensen might have added that the climate is magnificent, with temperatures in the 70's twelve months a year.

The swimming, sailing and fishing are out of this world. Your wife will rejoice to hear that domestic help is abundant.

The Commonwealth will leave no stone unturned to help you get started. It will build a factory for you. It will help you secure long-term finance. It will even

screen job applicants for you—and then train them to operate your machines.

Transportation

Six steamship companies and four airlines operate regular services between Puerto Rico and the mainland. San Juan is just 5½ hours by air from New York.

Light-weight articles such as radar components come off the line in Puerto Rico one day and are delivered by air freight next day in California, Chicago and other mainland cities. And, of course, there is no duty of any kind on trade with the mainland.

Are You Eligible?

Says Governor Muñoz: *Our drive is for new capital. Our slogan is not "more something old to Puerto Rico," but "start something new in Puerto Rico" or "expand in Puerto Rico."*

The Commonwealth is interested in attracting all suitable industries, and especially electronics, men's and women's apparel, knitwear, shoes and leather, plastics, optical products, costume jewelry, small electrical appliances, hard candy and pharmaceuticals.

To get all the facts, and to find out whether you and your company would be eligible for complete tax exemption, mail the coupon below.

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Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. M1
579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Mail me "Facts for Businessmen," your report of the advantages of Puerto Rico for plant location.

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BUSINESS

AUTOS

Buyer's Market

The nation's auto dealers, at first unable to keep up with orders for 1955 models (TIME, Dec. 13), last week found themselves in the middle of the midwinter seasonal slump. All over the U.S., car buyers were demanding, and getting, fat discounts. While cars were still selling well, dealers were hard put to keep up with the busy assembly lines.

This week General Motors stepped in to keep discounting from demoralizing the industry as it did in 1954, when marginal dealers unloaded surplus stocks at less than cost to used-car dealers. Said G.M. President Harlow Curtice: "General Motors, for the balance of the 1955 model year, is prepared to repurchase [at the price paid by the dealer] or to arrange for the repurchase by other General Motors dealers in other areas any . . . new and unused passenger cars that might be considered excess supply."⁶

The Bargain Hunters. Some dealers charged their troubles to bootlegging or the race for first place between Ford and Chevrolet rather than to their own lack of sales enterprise. Denver Chevrolet Dealer Bud Viner blamed his average \$275 discount on bootleggers who take advantage of Denver's freight rate (\$150 from Detroit) to bring in cars by tow. Said he: "There are more new cars on used-car lots in Denver than in new-car dealer showrooms." But the big reason for price cuts was that buyers became accustomed to them in the last year or two.

In Chicago, big-volume Stallworth Motor Co. came right to the point with prospects, offered a \$2,495 fully equipped Customline V-8 Ford for a flat \$2,000. Another dealer offered the \$4,937 Lincoln

Capri at an \$800 discount. In Dallas, Los Angeles, Cleveland and Seattle, Plymouths were going at up to \$200 off list, Pontiacs up to \$500 off, DeSotos up to \$700 off. Exceptions in the price war are Ford's Thunderbird, the big Chryslers, the new torsion-bar Packards (just going into production), and Cadillac.

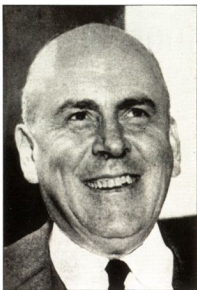
Discounting the Discount. Though the discounts looked like a windfall to the buyer, they were not always what they seemed. Many a dealer admitted privately that he added a "pack" to delivered prices, i.e., tacked on an extra \$100 or so to allow more room for the discounts his customers expected. Moreover, the list sales prices also often included high-profit (up to 50%) accessories, e.g., air-conditioning or power-operated windows.

Actually, the price cutting was evidence less of overproduction than of a significant change in salesmanship. Dealers have found that they can make more money by discounting and boosting volume than by insisting on full price. One Atlanta Ford dealer, who averaged 125 sales a month last year, is now selling at the rate of 175 cars a month. Half of the cars are selling at profits of only \$100 to \$200 each. He expects to boost his volume to 250 a month by March. Said a Southern Buick dealer, who offers a \$300 discount on the Special: "For profit and volume, business is the best it's been since the Korean war." If Ford and Chrysler follow G.M.'s lead to curb bootlegging, dealers expect that business will be even better when the normal January-March sales slump ends and the spring buying surge starts.

Chrysler showed off its new 300-h.p. Chrysler "300," the most powerful U.S.-built stock car. The hardtop "300" has a V-8 FirePower engine souped up with two four-barrel carburetors that give it a top speed of 140 m.p.h. Chrysler will begin production of the model next month, with a list price of around \$4,500.



CHRYSLER'S "300"
Soup in eight barrels.



Associated Press

CHASE'S McCLOY
Strength in more branches.

BANKING

The Biggest Merger

The biggest bank merger in U.S. history was set up last week. Directors for the Chase National Bank (No. 3 in the U.S.) and the Bank of the Manhattan Co. (No. 15) agreed on terms to combine their total deposits of \$6.9 billion, create the nation's second biggest bank (after California's Bank of America, with \$8.3 billion in deposits). Name of the new bank: The Chase Manhattan Bank.

Once before, in 1951, Chase and the Bank of the Manhattan Co. tried to join, with Chase taking over Manhattan. But Manhattan's 156-year-old state charter was so drawn that a single dissenting stockholder could block the sale. This time, Chase, which has no such charter provision, will technically merge into Manhattan and give up its own national charter. If a majority of the 102,000 stockholders of both banks approve the merger, each of Chase's 7,400,000 shares outstanding (now selling at about \$60) will be exchanged for 13 Chase Manhattan shares. Manhattan stock (about \$48 a share) will be exchanged share-for-share for Chase Manhattan stock.

Chase Chairman John J. McCloy is to be the new bank's chairman, the Bank of the Manhattan Co.'s Chairman J. Stewart Baker president and head of the executive committee. The merger will not only give the new bank more branches (87 in New York, 17 abroad) but it will enable Chase Manhattan to make bigger loans than either bank could make separately.

A Million Pocketed. The oldest bank in the U.S., operating under its original charter, the Bank of the Manhattan Co. was the offshoot of a firm chartered, with

⁶ Last year G.M. wanted to force all its dealers to sell excess supplies back to the manufacturer, was slapped down by the U.S. Justice Department.

EXECUTIVE TRAPPINGS

Who Rates the Rugs & When

IN the hierarchy of U.S. business, a big problem is the question of executive prerogatives. Who eats in the executive dining room? Who gets the best offices? And when does a man rise high enough to rate a rug on his floor? The scramble for the perquisites of rank is the butt of a thousand jokes, often leads to ludicrous situations. But to corporations themselves, the scramble is no joke. Says John D. Wright, president of Cleveland's Thompson Products, Inc.: "This involves a problem of morale, and often the little privileges that go with an office are more important to an executive than a raise. You'd expect executives to be more mature, but they frequently aren't." Wright himself ran into real trouble on how to list the names on round-robin office memos until he finally decided to list them alphabetically. Since this put Wright's name at the bottom, everybody was happy.

In many companies executives continuously play the game of "one-upmanship," the gentle art of being a jump ahead of colleagues in acquiring everything from better ashtrays to air conditioners. In general, the president and board chairman, who get the best of everything anyway, are rarely involved; the struggle takes place among the vice presidents, and below. A few years ago, a Dallas company set up a new subsidiary with five brand-new vice presidents installed in identical offices. Everything was peaceful until one used his expense account to replace his single-pen set with a two-pen set. Within four days all five worked their way up to three-pen sets. Then they went on to bigger and flossier names on their doors, and other changes, until the president called a halt and broke everyone back to one-pen sets. A big Chicago oil company caused a major crisis a few years ago when it bought a new type of posture chair to test on a few of its executives. Those left out were so miserable that one man, to save face, bought a chair with his own money and smuggled it into the office.

● In one Cleveland corporation a vice president was lucky enough to wangle a choice corner office. His equal down the hall would not be appeased until he had a private washroom installed in his office. Some executives spend hours on such things as the "time chart" to prove that they get so many telephone calls and letters that one secretary alone cannot possibly do the job; therefore, they need two secretaries.

Rigid rules are often laid down to try to avoid such problems. Standard Oil of California, for example, classi-

fies every employee from Type One (draperies, wall-to-wall carpeting, walnut desk, etc.) down to Type Four (no private office, oak desk). A big Manhattan company has set up a chart for every contingency in preparation for moving into a new building now under construction. A top-echelon man gets 280 sq. ft., "furnished to taste," with or without private washroom, depending on whether he is a director. Lesser lights will get 210 sq. ft., again furnished to taste, but now "within limits." Engineers and others who need privacy get 100 sq. ft., standard metal desks 60 in. by 30 in., two wooden chairs and a coat rack; everyone else gets 70 sq. ft. of work space.

● Some bosses prefer to handle things less rigidly, try to turn the complaints into chuckles. An executive of Monsanto Chemical Co. has put out a complete "Exec-Chart" ticking off everyone from "Top Dogs" to "Hoi Polloi," lists their "visible appurtenances" of power, from "shoeshine service" to "plant stands." Sample: "Luncheon Menu for Top Dogs: Cream cheese on whole wheat, buttermilk and indigestion tablets. Menu for Hoi Polloi: Clam chowder, frankfurter and beans, rolls and butter, raisin pie a la mode, two cups of coffee." Pacific Gas & Electric Co., like many others, sensibly gives a man what he needs to operate, whether it is one phone or three. Other companies do better by an executive who is out where the public sees him. In many banks, which deal constantly with the public, a line is also drawn between "inside" and "outside" jobs. In Atlanta's First National Bank the officers on view in the main lobby all get \$600 mahogany desks; those behind the scenes have \$300 walnut desks.

Swift & Co., however, cares little about putting on a show front or catering to executive whims. It has its executive vice presidents sitting out in the center of a huge bull pen where they can look right across the desks at their assistants. At Philadelphia's Smith Kline & French Laboratories, the chairman of the board, department heads and general employees all look at the same green-painted walls, rugless floors and utilitarian furniture.

But generally, the trend is to move instead of less luxury. An increasing number of companies are coming around to the idea that the trappings of power and rank are normal incentives in U.S. business life. If redecorating an office results in higher morale for a top executive, the company counts the few extra dollars as money well-spent.

keep the new jet off commercial routes until 1960. Another hope is the Bristol Britannia, a long-range, 340-m.p.h. transport with four turboprop engines. BOAC has poured \$20 million into the project, ordered ten planes. But the Britannia, too, is a question mark. With little transport experience, Bristol is already 14 months behind schedule, will probably not deliver the first plane until 1960. Furthermore, BOAC has serious doubts whether the plane can compete safely over transoceanic air routes. Though its range is listed as 5,100 miles, it drops to 3,900 miles at full payload, leaving only a slim margin of fuel on nonstop flights against stiff North Atlantic headwinds.

After the first flurries of angry disappointment last week, sensible Britons were reconciled to the unpleasant facts. Intoned London's staid *Times*: "BOAC must be allowed to purchase the best aircraft for their services irrespective of the country in which they are made. Otherwise the corporation cannot compete with other airlines, not merely American airlines, but all others which use American airliners where they give the best performance."

RETAIL TRADE

Fixed-Price War

For months a battle has raged among retailers, manufacturers, discount houses and the courts over the interpretation and enforcement of Fair-Trade laws. Last week the disagreement spread to the Federal Trade Commission and the U.S. Justice Department's Antitrust Division.

FTC touched off the dispute with Antitrust when it ruled that Eastman Kodak Co. may sign Fair-Trade contracts with independent retailers, even though these retailers compete with Kodak's own retail stores. Nobody was more surprised at FTC's decision than the trustbusters. Only a month ago Eastman agreed to drop Fair-Trade pricing on Kodachrome and Kodacolor film after the Justice Department brought an antitrust suit against Eastman. One of the three charges was that Eastman sold through its own retail outlets in illegal competition with price-fixed Eastman film sold through independent stores. Thus, while the Justice Department ended price fixing on two Eastman products in a consent decree (*TIME*, Jan. 3), FTC has sanctioned Fair-Trade pricing on Eastman's 163 other products—cameras, lenses, photographic paper, projectors, etc.

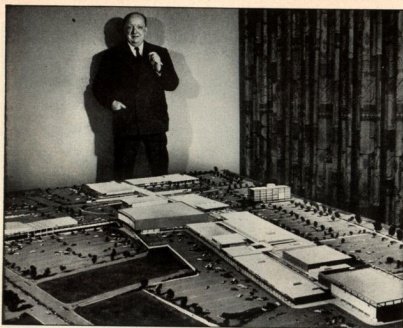
Justice's antitrust experts complained that FTC's decision violated the spirit of Eastman's consent decree, would stifle competition and lead to price fixing by manufacturers. But FTC denied it was overruling the Justice Department, noted that it had specifically exempted from its decision the two Eastman products covered by the consent decree. To many a businessman, the trustbusters' inability to agree among themselves was the best proof that the entire field of Fair-Trade pricing and enforcement needed a thorough reappraisal.



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Industrial Distributors (Sales), Ltd. Johannesburg and London



ALLIED'S PUCKETT & SHOPPING CENTER MODEL (BERGEN MALL)
Hopes for round numbers and square dances.

The Super Centers

As board chairman of Allied Stores Corp., the world's biggest department-store chain (72 stores in 24 states), B. Earl Puckett logs 100,000 miles a year in his private DC-3, uses much of the mileage to scout likely locations for super shopping centers. On the ground last week Puckett unfolded the latest results of his high flying: he plans to build a \$238 million network of seven new centers (in addition to three already built), each dominated by an Allied outlet. Said Puckett: "The largest single expansion in the history of retailing."

The new centers, scheduled for opening by 1957, are designed to serve regions (*i.e.*, customers within 40 minutes' driving time) rather than smaller suburban areas. The first to go into operation will be the \$30 million Bergen Mall at Paramus, N.J., expected to be the biggest U.S. shopping center. Puckett estimates that there are 1,588,000 customers within the 40-minute radius.

To lure them in, the center will have parking for 8,600 cars, 100 air-conditioned stores, which Puckett estimates will gross \$2,000,000 a week. Added attractions: an auditorium seating 500 (for auto shows, square dances, etc.), two six-storied office buildings (one for doctors and dentists), several restaurants, a "Kiddieland," an outdoor ice-skating rink, bowling alleys, a carillon.

The other six regional centers will be built at Peabody, Mass. (near Boston), Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Levittown, Pa., Houston, and somewhere on Long Island. Allied will finance a fourth of the centers (including Bergen Mall), expects that insurance companies and local realtors will furnish capital for the others. To

help pay for its part in the huge venture, Allied last week asked the Securities & Exchange Commission's permission to issue some \$16.5 million worth of common stock (300,000 shares).

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Joseph F. Finnegan, 51, was nominated for director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service (*TIME*, Nov. 22), succeeding Whitley P. McCoy, who resigned. A graduate of Columbia ('28) and Fordham Law School ('31), Finnegan helped pay his way through school by writing a question-and-answer column for investors in the *Wall Street Journal* and working on Brooklyn piers as a cargo checker. After a three-year stint as an Assistant U.S. Attorney in Manhattan, he joined a private law firm, and in 1948 hung out his own shingle. As background for his new \$16,000-a-year post, Republican Joe Finnegan has done an impressive amount of arbitration and mediation work, approved by both labor and management, *e.g.*, Mack Trucks, C.I.O. United Auto Workers, National Cash Register, C.I.O. United Steelworkers, Royal Typewriter.

Philip M. Talbott, 58, senior vice president of Washington's Woodward & Lothrop department store, was elected 1955 president of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. After graduation from Virginia's Randolph-Macon school, Talbott joined W. & L. ("Where my parents shopped when I was a kid. I sort of liked the store") and never left. Starting as a boys'-clothing salesman, he missed few rungs as he climbed, fitted in well with W. & L.'s character: dignified, with a folksy touch. Talbott predicts a 2½% to 3½% boost in total U.S. retail sales this

year over 1954's booming over-the-counter business. But he cautions: "I'm a little afraid of complacency."

P. (for Peter) O. (for Olaf) Peterson, 58, was elected president of Mack Trucks, Inc., succeeding E. D. Bransome, who continues as board chairman. Norwegian-born, Peterson was brought to Michigan by his parents when he was six. After high school he got into the auto business as a Buick car inspector, went to Studebaker in 1919, where he rose to be director of purchases in 1933, manufacturing vice president in 1947 and executive vice president in 1951.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Brother Bulls

In stock exchanges all over the world, blood brothers of Wall Street's bull were on the rampage last week. Good business abroad, peace, and confidence in the U.S. economy as the bulwark of the free world combined to create the greatest stock boom the world has ever seen.

Great Britain. On London's Threadneedle Street, where stocks have gained an average 38.5% in the past year, prices on the London Exchange last week hit a new 1954-55 high. Transactions in a single day totaled 18,836, highest in more than seven years. Fed by bigger dividends (up 20% in 1954) and high earnings, London's bull market was fattened up last year by some \$900 million worth of new capital pouring into the market v. \$500 million in 1953. Among the biggest price gains: British Petroleum (formerly Anglo-Iranian), up 144%; Hawker Siddeley aircraft, up 90.6%; Unilever, up 72%; Rolls-Royce, up 70.3%.

France. The bull on the Paris Bourse did even better; stock prices were up an average 58% in the past year. Chief reason: peace in Indo-China, which not only helped give a boost to such peace stocks as autos (up 112%) but also brought about repatriation of big French investments in Indo-China. Aciéries de Longwy (steel) jumped from \$38 a share to \$73; Suez Canal shares rose nearly 50% to \$350. Most spectacular gain: Esso Standard of France, which soared almost 1,000% following the discovery of oil near Bordeaux (*TIME*, Sept. 13).

Switzerland. The Zurich Bourse, leading stock market of Switzerland, had its most active year since World War II's end, with average prices up 24% in 1954 and almost every Swiss stock climbing to new all-time highs. Nestlé Alimentana Co. (food and chocolate) was up 20% from 1953; Sulzer Machine Works up 35%; Switzerland's Ciba chemical company, helped by the new drug "Serpasil," used to combat nervous disorders and high blood pressure, jumped from \$650 a share to \$1,050.

The Low Countries. On the Amsterdam Stock Exchange, the general stock index stood last week at 229.27, up 60 points in a year. Giant Phillips Electric was up 64%; Royal Dutch Shell was up 53%. In Belgium, prices were at their highest levels since World War II, led by such stocks as Union Minière (mining), up

For messages that get across...



* Letters typed on an IBM Executive Electric Typewriter

80% to \$945, and the holding company Société Générale, up 55% to \$332.

West Germany. The stock price index for West Germany's eight stock exchanges last week hit a new postwar peak of 172, up 85% in a year, the biggest rise of any country. Helped by the prospect of rearmament and the lifting of extremely heavy taxes on sales of stock held less than a year (new time limit: three months), German stock prices reflected the extent of West Germany's boom. Biggest gainers: Casella Chemicals, up 160% to \$112 a share; Erin Bergbau (mining), up 375% to \$85; Beteiligungs A. G. Ruhrort (shipping), up 250% to \$90.

Italy. In Milan, the biggest exchange in Italy, the index of 144 stocks rose 80% during the year, as the volume of trading soared from an average 650,000 shares a day to nearly 3,000,000. Among the biggest rises: Sile mercury, up 313% to \$10; Fiat motors, up 116% to \$2.25. Last week, however, Milan's bull, like Wall Street's (TIME, Jan. 17) stumbled and stopped to catch its breath; the price index dropped 2%.

Japan. Around Tokyo's cluttered "Street of the Helmet" near the Tokyo Stock Exchange, hundreds of little stores last week teemed with brokers and small investors ranging from kimono-clad women to weatherbeaten farmers, all hopeful of making a few quick yen. After a year of falling prices, the Tokyo stock market suddenly turned around, gained 10% last week alone. Reasons: there were prospects of trade with Red China, and the new Hatoyama caretaker government promised a less stringent austerity program, announced plans to reduce taxes on corporate dividends.

MODERN LIVING

Sailor's Delight

The pleasure-boat industry climbed over the \$1 billion mark for the first time in 1954. Last week, as boatbuilders opened the biggest national Motor Boat Show in history, the outlook for 1955 was even better. On opening night alone, some 25,000 fans jammed into New York City's Kingsbridge Armory to see 350 boats and thousands of gadgets from 233 exhibitors.

The biggest boat in the show was a 51-ft. Wheeler cruiser with twin 200-h.p. diesels, a complete electric galley, two showers, and staterooms for eight. It was sold for \$88,000 to John Sparler of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., a paper executive. The flashiest boat was Century Boat Co.'s chrome-trimmed, 55-m.p.h. Coronado speedboat, with wrap-around windshield and a 285-h.p. Cadillac V-8 engine. Ten minutes after the doors opened, Radu Irimescu, onetime Rumanian Minister to the U.S., who now works for Floyd Odum's Atlas Corp., snapped it up for about \$5,500.

Outboard & Inboard. But the heaviest buying was in the vast array of smaller inboard cruisers, outboards and utility runabouts. Despite increasing costs, boat-makers have held prices to last year's level, and the show had something for

every bankroll. Besides the inboard cruisers, twelve boatyards showed off new, inexpensive, outboard cabin cruisers at prices between \$1,300 and \$2,500. The cruisers, up to 23 ft. long, can sleep two, do 20 m.p.h. with two motors on the stern. For penny-pinching do-it-yourselfers, who knocked together 30% of the 300,000 pleasure boats built in the U.S. last year, there are 400 complete boat kits to make everything from 8-ft. prams to 23-ft. cruisers at about 50% less than the same boat would cost ready-made.

Many of the new outboards had electric starters and mufflers and vibration-free mountings that sharply cut their noise. Evinrude has a new tilt-compensator that keeps the engine from bouncing against the back of the boat when the power is cut suddenly. Scott-Atwater has equipped all its engines, from 5 h.p. to 30 h.p., with its Bail-a-matic device, which bails the boat automatically as long as the engine is running.

MILESTONES

Born. To Dawn Addams, 24, undulous British-born cinemactress (*The Moon Is Blue*), and Prince Vittorio Emanuele Massimo di Roccasecca de' Volsci, 43, Italian gentleman-farmer: their first child, a son. Weight: 8 lbs. 10 oz.

Married. Jack Webb, 34, deadpan star (Sergeant Joe Friday) and director of TV's *Dragnet*; and Dorothy Towne, 25, Hollywood starlet; both for the second time (his first: Cinemactress Julie London); in Chicago.

Died. James B. Verdin, 36, Douglas Aircraft Corp. test pilot, World War II winner of the Navy Cross and the D.F.C., holder of the three-kilometer air speed record of 753.4 m.p.h. set in a Douglas Skyray at Salton Sea, Calif., on Oct. 3, 1953; when he bailed out of his disabled Skyhawk jet bomber over California's Mojave Desert.

Died. Robert Hood Saunders, 51, lawyer, onetime (1945-48) mayor of Toronto, chairman of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario; of injuries suffered in a private-plane crash near London, Ont.

Died. Yves Tanguy, 55, French-born pioneer surrealist painter of impeccably drawn dream landscapes (*Mama, Papa Is Wounded!*; *Slowly Toward the North*; *Indefinite Divisibility*); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Waterbury, Conn. One of the group of young painters who formed the original surrealist school in Paris in the 1920s, Tanguy came to the U.S. in 1939, became renowned for his stark pictures of rubble-strewn deserts and towering geometrical forms.

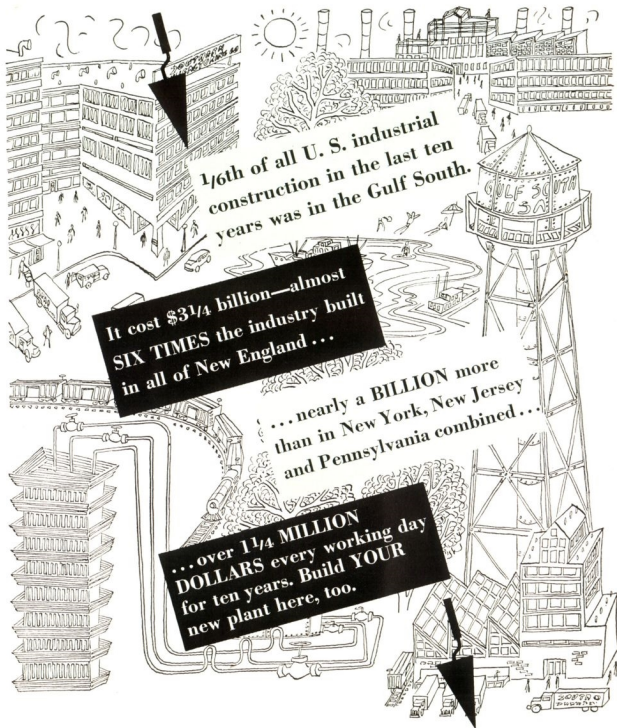
Died. General John Kenneth ("Uncle Joe") Cannon, 62, board chairman of Fletcher Aviation Corp., retired veteran

of 32 years' service with the Air Force, postwar commanding general of U.S. Air Forces in Europe; of a heart attack; in Arcadia, Calif. Trainer of hundreds of military pilots (among his pupils: Generals Nathan F. Twining, Hoyt Vandenberg, Curtis E. LeMay), four-star Uncle Joe won renown as one of World War II's great tactical airmen; devised "Operation Strangle," which severed Nazi rail transport to central Italy in preparation for the push on Rome.

Died. Mario Avelino Perón, 64, only brother of Argentina's President Juan Domingo Perón; of peritonitis; in Buenos Aires. Appointed director of the Buenos Aires Zoo by brother Juan in 1946, Mario Perón avoided the spotlight and politics, once said: "I prefer my zoo, where I have all my animals labeled."

Died. The Rev. Daniel Aloysius Lord, S.J., 66, nationally known Roman Catholic pamphleteer, writer of religious songs (*Mother Beloved*, *For Christ the King*), national organizer (in 1925) and director of the Sodality of Our Lady (membership: 2,000,000 plus), producer (in 1929) of the strict movie production code for Hollywood's Hays Office; of cancer; in St. Louis.

Died. Baron Louis de Rothschild, 72, sportsman, patron of art and science, former head of the Austrian branch of the international banking family; of a heart attack; in Montego Bay, Jamaica. When the Credit Anstalt, the family's Vienna bank and Central Europe's biggest financial house, failed in 1931, Rothschild handed over \$10 million of his private fortune to the Austrian government to help cover losses. Held for a year by the Gestapo after Hitler's *Anschluss*, he was released after payment of a \$21 million "ransom."



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The First Bestsellers

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *HIS LIFE & PERSONALITY* (295 pp.)—Hesketh Pearson—Harper (\$4).

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *A GREAT LIFE IN BRIEF* (198 pp.)—André Maurois—Knopf (\$2.50).

The two writers were as different as Scotch and Burgundy. Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) was a gentleman genius who practically invented the historical novel, and wrote out of rich learning in Scotland's romantic past; Alexandre Dumas (1802-1870) was a brilliant upstart who wrote with "the overflow of a gush of personality," and used the help of educated men to do the research for many of his



SIR WALTER SCOTT
His hut was his castle.

best stories. Scott was lamed by a childhood attack of polio and was ill for much of his life; Dumas was in overpowering good health and spirits all his days. But both men were master storytellers, both made—and lost—fortunes at their trade, both turned out such mountains of work as to make the most diligent modern writers seem sluggards by comparison.

Scott and Dumas were the first great heroes of history's first mass reading public—a public that was created with the rise of the middle class, when literature ceased being mostly a fixture of the countryhouse and the coffeehouse, and was taken up by the new masters of the countinghouse. In his excellent new study, Biographer Hesketh Pearson (*G.B.S., Dickens, Oscar Wilde*) calls Scott "the first of the best-selling novelists." In his artful little life of the elder Dumas, Biographer André Maurois (*Proust, Disraeli, Voltaire*) says: "Better than any other novelist, Dumas knew how to share and satisfy the passions of the masses."

The Clansman. Trained in the law but bored by it, Scott led a bluff and loyal clansman's life in George III's Scotland and collected the Border ballads he loved. At 33 he published his own ballad, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and it sold an unheard-of 40,000 copies. After such narrative poems as *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* (which started a great tourist rush for the Scottish moors and highlands), Scott started turning out his medieval romances and his beloved tales of bygone borderers and buccaneers.

Benevolent and good-humored, Scott was a tradition-loving Tory who, says Biographer Pearson, "thought nothing of his fame as a writer compared with his place as . . . clansman of Buccleuch." He tossed off such novels as *Ivanhoe* and *Rob Roy* without revising or even rereading, dictating at times while racked by pain from gallstones and stomach cramps. He was extravagant; his "hut" at Abbotsford became a castle, where he spent immense sums buying up land, planting trees (3,000 laburnums, 3,000 Scotch elms, 100,000 birches) and entertaining noblemen, statesmen, lairds and literary lights.

At the high noon of his fame, Scott's badly managed ventures in printing and publishing failed. Debts of £130,000 were charged against him. Refusing bankruptcy, Scott said: "I will not yield without a fight for it." Through the last six years of his life, he fought by writing. He produced a nine-volume life of Napoleon and in two years turned over £40,000 to his creditors. He kept on writing bestsellers until his frail health finally cracked and he died at 61; later the sale of his works settled the last of the debts that helped kill him.

The Lion. If Scott drew on his tradition, his greatest disciple created the most popular works in 19th Century French literature by sheer personal exuberance. The son of an illegitimate mulatto general from Santo Domingo, Dumas crashed the august *Comédie Française* with a rip-roaring historical drama, *Henri III and His Court*, and became the kinky-maned lion of Paris.

Dumas wrote day and night, working with and without collaborators, laughing as the wonderful pages of *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte-Cristo* rolled off. In a suburban castle even bigger and uglier than Scott's Abbotsford, surrounded by his menagerie and mistresses, he gave ducal parties (he often did the cooking) and spent money as fast as he made it. When Napoleon III pulled his 1851 coup and restored the Empire, Dumas fled to Belgium with Victor Hugo and other republicans. "The difference," says Maurois, "was that Hugo was fleeing before a tyrant, Dumas before the bailiffs."

Back in Paris within two years, Dumas founded a newspaper called *The Musketeer*; the first issue announced 50 forthcoming volumes of his memoirs. He toured Russia (seven volumes), bought a little schooner, scooped up a charmer from a Paris theater and sailed for the Levant. But in Genoa he joined Garibaldi,

took some of the Thousand aboard, and landed with the liberators in Sicily.

The Hero. When the old lion arrived back in Paris by night train several years later, his illegitimate son Alexandre III, already a famous dramatist in his own right (*Camille*), waited to take him to his home. Instead, Dumas père demanded to be taken at once to the home of his friend Author-Critic Théophile Gautier. "But, Papa, it's so late," said Dumas fils. "And you've been traveling eight days." But they went, roused Gautier and gossiped till 4. Finally they headed for home on foot, and Dumas père never stopped talking. When they arrived at 6, Dumas père immediately demanded a lamp. "A lamp? But why?" asked his son. "To see by, of course. I am going to get to work." Forthwith he started on *The Garibaldians* and another novel.

Before he died at 68, Alexandre the



ALEXANDRE DUMAS
His castle was his menagerie.

Great wrote between 500 and 600 books and plays—an exact account is impossible. Says Biographer Maurois: "Dumas was a hero out of Dumas. As strong as Porthos, as adroit as d'Artagnan, as generous as Edmond Dantes, this superb giant strode across the 19th century breaking down doors with his shoulder . . . It is as impossible not to like him as it is not to read him . . . No one has read all of Dumas—this would be as implausible as writing it was. But most of mankind has read part."

Bedroom Odyssey

A GHOST AT NOON (247 pp.)—Alberto Moravia—Farrar, Straus (3.50).

When a man who is desperately in love with his wife discovers that she despises him, he naturally tries to do something about it. Riccardo did something about it: he talked and talked. Why, he asked Emilia, do you despise me? What have I done? Can't we talk it over? Riccardo also thought and thought. Is it my character

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she hates? Does she think I'm using her to get on in my work? Have I fallen from grace because I go on being a scriptwriter when I really want to be a playwright? Shall I give up my job? Riccardo thought and then talked some more.

Poor, tortured Riccardo is the Hamlet-like hero-victim of Italian Novelist Alberto (*Conjugal Love*) Moravia's latest novel, *A Ghost at Noon*. To give his lovely but simple wife the comfortable life she wants, Riccardo has put aside his ambition to become a dramatist and taken on a movie job. He has even bought a car and is in debt. But his first script is a success. Producer Battista has given him a new and more important one to do, and the drab days in a furnished room in Rome seem well behind. It is typical of Author Moravia that conjugal hell lies just a step away from marital contentment. For at about this point Emilia takes to sleeping alone, begins to be less indifferent to the vulgar producer, and makes it plain that Riccardo bores her. The rest of *A Ghost* is a battle between the sexes fought out on the battlegrounds of character and personality, areas in which Moravia is one of the world's living masters.

Working on the script of a supercolossal production of Homer's *Odyssey*, Riccardo compares Emilia with Penelope, himself with Ulysses, resorts to nagging his wife and to endless intellectual soliloquies instead of being the forceful man Emilia wants him to be. In the end he takes to daydreaming that Emilia has come back to him, loses her in a concluding scene that is almost as agonizing for the reader as for Riccardo.

A Ghost at Noon is far from being Moravia's best book. It is all too spelled-out, and Riccardo is so uninteresting that Emilia's contempt is inevitable. A fine short-story writer, Moravia could have improved *A Ghost* vastly by scrapping half of it. But even as it stands, this is a penetrating look at embattled personalities, a marital case history that the great Stendhal would have savored with pleasure.

Mixed Fiction

THE GOLDEN PRINCESS, by Alexander Baron (378 pp.; *Ives Washburn*: \$3.95), is a novel of high adventure telling how Hernando Cortés conquered Mexico with the aid of his Indian mistress. Skeptics to the contrary, English Author Baron is dealing no joker from the historical deck; it really happened that way, Malinali, or Marina, as the Spaniards christened her, emerges as a tawny tidbit just turned 18 and just about Cortés' first Mexican conquest. Intelligent and fearless, she soon comes to share his council as well as his bed. On the long, fierce road to the golden halls of Montezuma, Cortés relies on her as his eyes, ears and translating tongue. Faithful Marina also bears Cortés a son. Yet Novelist Baron never allows her to blot out the challenging figure of the great conquistador. His Cortés is a hypnotic leader who can inspire lukewarm, greedy fighters to swashbuckle down to their job. Exploring the inner man as well, Author Baron describes Cortés as a Byron turning



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→ **TIME**

Napoleonic, as a would-be servant of God becoming the Devil's disciple, slaughtering some 250,000 Aztecs in the famed siege of Tenochtitlán. Remembered for a superior World War II novel (*From the City, from the Plough*), Novelist Baron has switched easily from Sten guns to harquebuses, splashes his pages with just the right mixture of bravery and bravura. But beyond that, he captures what few historical novelists even pursue—the moment of impact between two cultures, Western man of the high Renaissance forcing his Faustian will on the passive, hieratic Aztec civilization as it muses in “a trance of centuries.”

HOMECOMING, by Jiro Osaragi (303 pp.; Knopf; \$3.75). Billed as a major achievement of Japan's postwar literature, the novel at its best is an unblinking account of the high cost of survival in a defeated country. At its worst, *Homecoming* plays the old tearjerker Enoch Arden plot to the accompaniment of samisens instead of violins. Kyogo Moriya is a fiftish Japanese ex-naval officer who sits out the first part of World War II in self-exile in Singapore because of a youthful gambling scandal. There a svelte adventuresome two-times him into jail. Back in Japan after war's end, he sedulously avoids his wife, who has remarried in the meantime, and his grown-up daughter. He gets caught up with a whole series of characters who are more representative than real: a serious painter who stays alive by strumming a guitar in a sleazy cabaret, an ex-admiral who checks shipments at a soap factory, a black-marketeering student with a nose for yen and a yen for such un-Japanese customs as holding hands and kissing. Like identical beads, these characters are threaded on the same theme another Japanese novelist, Kikou Yamata, recently used in her spare and superior novel, *Lady of Beauty* (TIME, Aug. 30). The theme: Japan isn't what it used to be. In traditional Japanese style, Author Osaragi frequently confuses his writing hand with the long arm of coincidence. He arranges no happy ending, but he does fashion a moving confrontation between Kyogo and his daughter and a sex-sizzling finale with the double-crossing adventures.

THE BLACK PRINCE, by Shirley Ann Grau (294 pp.; Knopf; \$3.50), is the most impressive U.S. short story debut between hard covers since J. D. Salinger's *Nine Stories* (1953). Only 25, daughter of an old New Orleans family, Author Grau describes herself as “a thoroughly ordinary sort of person.” Her book proves she is not, at least not when she settles down before her typewriter. Sticking to what she knows, she tells of Southerners, black and white, of their problems and of the ordinary pressures of common experience. But Author Grau makes ordinariness seem pressing. At least three of these nine stories are unsuccessful, but the remaining ones cover a variety of emotion and background that are remarkable in the work of a young author. The title story tells of a love affair between young Negroes in the



Elliott Erwitt—Magnum

AUTHOR GRAU
 Extraordinarily ordinary.

dreariest and poorest part of a southern state, where the main recreations are boxing and fighting. Against this squalid background the affair has first the quality of a simple idyll, but after its bloody, tragic ending it takes on the shape of legend. In *Joshua*, which takes place during World War II, an imaginative Negro youngster proves his courage by doing what the Bayou fishermen, including his father, do not dare do: he paddles down to the Gulf where surfaced German subs have fired at the fishing boats. *One Summer* is a beautifully effective story about a young white boy's first experience with death. Author Grau is short on plot, long on intuition, and lyrical without stumbling into sentimentality. Her ambition is “to write an even dozen novels.” These stories suggest that it would be a fine thing for U.S. readers if she did.

Billiards on the High Seas

THE CAPTAIN LEAVES HIS SHIP (313 pp.) —Jan Cwiklinski, as told to Hawthorne Daniel—Doubleday (\$4).

History can sneak up on a man when his back is turned. Captain Cwiklinski, master of the Polish passenger liner *Batory*, was not looking one May day in Manhattan six years ago, when a baldish little man with glasses came aboard on a 25¢ visitor's ticket and sailed as a stow-away. Unlike most stowaways, he soon dug first-class passage money from his pocket. He also owned up to the name of Gerhart Eisler. For unwittingly aiding in the escape of a key Communist agent, badly wanted in the U.S., Captain Cwiklinski got involved in a nasty, three-cushion carom on the international billiard table.

The captain neither agreed nor resisted when Scotland Yard men took Eisler off the *Batory* at Southampton. For this, when he docked at Gdynia, Cwiklinski

sat through a palm-sweating grilling with his bosses and the dreaded U.B. (for *Urząd Bezpieczeństwa*), Poland's secret police.* On the return trip to New York, the *Batory's* crew and passengers were in turn grilled by U.S. Government agents, and the eventual loss of pier privileges forced the Poles to give up the transatlantic run. No Communist or pro-Communist, Cwiklinski tried to coexist with the Polish satellite regime for the sake of his wife and two children. He gradually became a figurehead on his own ship, with all disciplinary matters handled by secret-police men. In 1953, tipped off by a friend that he was slated for a phony spy trial, the captain jumped ship in England and began writing his experiences.

His autobiography is a story without surprises, but still a sobering account of the Communist tyranny as only those who have lived under it can know it.

RECENT & READABLE

The Cornerstone, by Zoë Oldenbourg. A superior historical novel, told with massive detail, about medieval knighthood and knavery (TIME, Jan. 10).

Obломov, by Ivan Goncharov. New translation of a little-known but brilliant 19th century Russian portrait of a young nobleman who is too weary to live, love, or even get out of bed (TIME, Jan. 3).

His Very Self and Voice, edited by Ernest J. Lovell Jr. Carefully culled reports and comments by contemporaries add up to a fascinating picture of Poet Lord Byron, professional romantic and "most amiable monster" (in Stendhal's phrase) and his loves, feuds, scrapes and enthusiasms (TIME, Jan. 3).

Quite Early One Morning, by Dylan Thomas. The late, brilliant Welsh poet has a lark with some uneven but delightful prose pieces (TIME, Dec. 27).

Gladstone, by Philip Magnus. Probably the best biography ever written of the eminent British statesman who thought that God was a Liberal (TIME, Dec. 27).

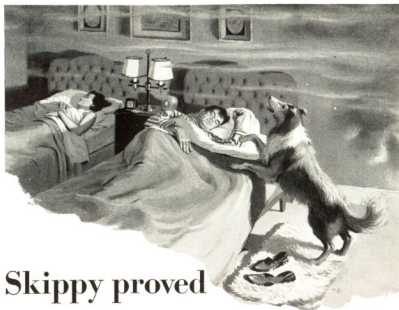
Hadrian's Memoirs, by Marguerite Yourcenar. A first-rate novel about the great soldier-emperor who first called Rome eternal (TIME, Nov. 29).

The Private Diaries of Stendhal, edited by Robert Sage. An extraordinary diary covering the youthful years of the brilliant French novelist who dashed off his shrewd or naive, witty or amorous comments on how to get on in the world while he was getting on (TIME, Nov. 22).

The Fellowship of the Ring, by J. R. R. Tolkien. A fantasy about a hobbit who grows out of his tweens to fight Orcs, Balrogs and Barrow-wights before he takes on the Cracks of Doom (TIME, Nov. 22).

Great River, by Paul Horgan. A superb history of the Rio Grande country from Indian idylls through Mexican wars down to the present, with the immense landscape as a backdrop (TIME, Nov. 1).

* Two weeks later Eisler was released and made his way to East Germany, where he was propaganda boss until he lost favor in 1952. He now heads an East German version of the Gallup poll.



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(Based on Company File #H-52-10726)

Nancy and I are both heavy sleepers. If it hadn't been for Skippy, chances are neither of us would have awakened until too late.

As it was, our dog's barking didn't fully rouse me. But his frantic pawing finally made me realize something was wrong.

Then I got a whiff of choking smoke. That told the story! Quickly, I helped Nancy from the house, and raced up the street to the alarm box...

The firemen soon had the blaze under control. But a lot of damage had already been done. Now—after the fire—I couldn't help thinking how close I had come to

making a mighty expensive mistake. Only a few months before, I had considered reducing my insurance! At the time, it seemed a way to save money.

I'm thankful my Hartford Fire Insurance Company Agent steered me away from that idea which, he pointed out, results in seven out of ten people not having enough insurance. When fire strikes, they often lose thousands more than they could ever save by cutting down.

Acting on my agent's advice, I stayed fully insured. And I'm glad I did. I had Hartford's check within days—for the full amount of my claim!

Do you have enough insurance to really protect you?

Here's how to find out:

Use the Hartford *chart* to help figure what your house is worth. And our handy *inventory booklet* to list and evaluate your furniture and personal belongings.

Both chart and booklet are free. Write us for them.

Better yet—see your Hartford Fire Insurance Company Agent or your insurance broker *now* for the protection you need.

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What happens when LIFE



Miami's brilliant skyline, together with LIFE's Miami cover girl, Corine Gustafson, symbolize the city both as a fashionable resort and as a serious-minded business community.

If Miami's gains in the vacation field are great, its progress in business and industry can only be termed phenomenal. A "billion-dollar real estate era," and the tremendous expansion of power facilities are just two of the factors attracting new business and new people to Miami.

Here you can learn what happens when LIFE hits Miami. It's a new story, yet a familiar one. For LIFE has left a similar imprint in market after market—where 3 out of 5 households* respond to LIFE.

LIFE

9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

*Source: *A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE (1952)*, by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. (A LIFE-reading household is one in which any member aged 20 or over has read one or more of 13 issues.)

McGregor Smith, head of Florida Power & Light, says, "LIFE's constructive stories about Florida deserve considerable credit for Miami's spectacular growth and development in the last few years."



A. V. Davis, Chairman of the Board of The Aluminum Co. of America, says, "In these busy times, LIFE's pictorial journalism solves the problem of keeping informed about the world."



Chamber of Commerce president Robert Morgan says, "Over the years, LIFE has presented the Miami scene in pictures. It's been a very important factor in our development."

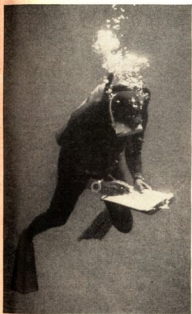


hits MIAMI?



Burdines, Miami's biggest department store, does an annual \$35,000,000 business. President George Whitten says, "We like LIFE's quick and accurate reporting of top fashion news. We tie in regularly with LIFE-advertised products."

Dress Designer Margaret Newman plays a part in Miami's rapidly growing fashion industry. Mention in **LIFE** brought her recognition from Europe and as far away as Australia.



A single sentence about this man in **LIFE** (1947) brought Truly (Nozzle) Nolen prestige and a deluge of business. Today he has whole crews of men at work opening and closing plush Miami homes and estates.

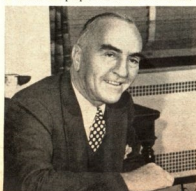
LIFE coverage of Ed Fisher's diving exploits attracted so much interest he was able to open a diving school. He says, "LIFE did something for me that I couldn't have possibly accomplished in any other way."



Hotel owner **J. Myer Schine** operates three Miami hotels including the Roney Plaza. He says, "There's a marked increase in patronage at the Roney every time it appears in **LIFE**."



Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, Chairman of the Board of Eastern Air Lines, says, "LIFE's faithful presentation of the facts has helped to attract new people and business to Miami."



Food store managers A. Maloff and H. Friedland of Food Fair Inc. agree, "LIFE advertising certainly pre-sells national brands for us. A good many people ask for LIFE-advertised products."





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MISCELLANY

From San Juan Hill. In Atlanta, Harry L. Olive, 82, and Mrs. Jennie Goodby, 82, divorced during the Spanish-American War, remarried.

As Ye Sew. In East Providence, R.I. District Judge Eugene J. Sullivan listened patiently while James S. Gomes, 73, argued that his eyesight without glasses was normal for driving, watched as Gomes deftly threaded a needle three times in a row without the aid of glasses, tried and failed to do the same thing himself, dismissed the case.

Rude Awakening. In Mobile, Ala., Laborer Alexander Robinson, opening his eyes in the hospital after surgery for restoration of sight, spotted his wife, remarked amiably: "You sure have got fat in the last four years."

Pitcher. In Boston, finally arrested after his third robbery of Macy's liquor store in less than 24 hours, Gunman Edward M. Diamont, 29, observed amiably to irate police: "I guess I went to the well too often."

Myopic Triumph. In Miami, arrested for firing a shotgun at six rowdy teenagers who were throwing rocks at his house and slightly wounding two of them, William Winslow Gordon, 79, explained with satisfaction: "I've shot at them lots of times before, but I'm nearsighted, and this is the first time I ever was lucky enough to hit one."

Social Awareness. In Kansas City, Mo., after being slugged on the street by two pipe-smoking strangers, having the fuel tank of his car filled with sugar and the car's tires punctured with an ice pick, Grocery Clerk Homer P. Hatfield solemnly told police he thought that someone must have it in for him.

Peaceful Coexistence. In Point Lonsdale, Victoria, addressing the third annual convention of the Skin Divers' and Spearfishermen's Association of Australia, Delegate Dick Charles happily reported that "bad blood between spearfishermen and anglers in New South Wales is dying out; no longer do they brawl and flatten each other with oars."

Satisfaction. In Greenville, Miss., a jury impressed by the merits 1) of the damage suit brought by Mrs. W. C. Hudson against Vance Lipe after an auto collision, and 2) by Lipe's countersuit, found after brief deliberation "for the plaintiff in the sum of \$1,000 and also for the defendant in the sum of \$1,000, both parties being equally negligent."

Winter's Tale. In Ockley, England, Miss Fanny Ennis, 69, suing John Purser, 73, for breach of promise, charged that he had promised to marry her when she was an innocent 22.

DEWAR'S

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and Victoria Vat

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Piper at parade rest
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